THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1576.

Original Poetry.

THE OLD MAID.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

She stands before her mirror, as she used to stand of old,
And round her snowy fingers twines her curls of softest gold;
Her brow of marble smoothness is as lofty and as fair,
As when but sixteen she had stood before the mirror there.

Yet 'tis her thirtieth birthday! those dreamy, violet eyes
Once rivalled all the jewels that deck the evening skies,
Their brilliant lustre has been quenched by many floods of tears,
And her lips have lost the redness that graced her girlish years.

There trembles now the faintest tint of rose upon her cheeks,
And there's a thrill of sadness in the slightest word she speaks,
Her melancholy voice is sweet and solemn, but in truth,
All its gladness has departed with the happy days of youth.

It is her thirtieth birthday. She stands in earnest thought,
Her faithful mirror tells her of what the years have brought,
Yet she thinks not of the beauty that has left her face and form,
But of the hopes that now are dead which once beat high and warm.

She is thinking of her girlhood, when her heart was light as air,
Of the many idle moments spent before the mirror there,
When joy rested in her bosom like the dew-drops on a flower,
And on the wings of Gladness fled away each happy hour.

She remembers how one starry night, this day, twelve years ago,
She stood beneath the willow tree, where the early violets blow,
And listened to those passionate words she ne'er might hear again,
While her heart so throbbed with happiness, it almost throbbed with pain.

She remembers how that evening, ere she laid her down to rest,
She stood before the mirror, with her hands clasped o'er her breast,
She thought the world so beautiful, so hopeful and so bright,
The earth one joyful Eden—and the sky one glare of light!

She remembers one Spring morning, after many months had past,
Her lovely face was wreathed with smiles, but yet her tears fell fast,
How she wept upon her mother's breast, yet still with trembling pride,
Decked herself with many blushes in the garments of a bride.

She remembers still the orange-flower she bound amid her hair,
She remembers still the earnest words she said in morning prayer,
She remembers still the fluttering of joy within her breast,
Where it hovered o'er her spirit like a young bird o'er its nest.

She remembers how she listened for the fleet foot of his steed,
And strove to hide her blushes as she hears him come indeed;
She gave one glance to her white robe with a look of girlish pride,
Then sprang quickly to the window, while she smiled yet faintly sighed.

She remembers still the awful sight that met her eager eyes,
She sees the steed all riderless, as swiftly past it flies!
She sees them bear with hasty steps her lover through the hall,
And where the festal board was spread his life-drops slowly fall!

She remembers that his glossy locks were like the moonless night,
But now all dripping down with blood, how horrible the sight!
She remembers that his eagle eyes a proud expression wore,
But now those eyes are closed, alas, upon her evermore!

Thus sorrowing on through life she goes, a melancholy maid,
The inward growing clear and pure as the outward beauties fade;
Yet who will not call her lovely, though her ties with earth are riven,
And she walks the world a spirit, with her soul eyes turned to Heaven!
S. E. D.
Hebron, Licking Co., Ohio.

Pictures of Life.

THE CAPTAIN'S SELF-DEVOTION.

TRANSLATED FROM A NEW VOLUME OF TALES,
BY FANNY LEWALD.

Some twenty years ago my father had a new ship launched from the stocks. A large company had assembled at our house to witness the ceremony of christening the vessel, and afterward to celebrate the marriage of the Captain who was to take command of her. He had been for a long time in my father's service, had been uniformly successful in his voyages, and was just the man to take charge of a new enterprise on the Western coast of Africa.

Captain Jan Evers, from the time when he first went to sea as cabin-boy, had lived but little at home, with the exception of the time which he subsequently passed with his parents, while he was attending his course at the Navigation School of Hamburg, in order to prepare for his examination as pilot. His parents owned a bit of ground in the village of Neumuhlen, the long rows of houses of which stretch along the mouth of the Elbe, beyond Altona. After the death of the old people, the house stood for a long while uninhabited; until, in the year of which I now speak, the Captain, who had returned from a voyage, concluded, at the desire of my father, not to go to sea again, until his new ship should be ready. This induced him to have the long-closed shutters of his house opened, in order to take up his own residence there; for he had never rented it.

You must be aware of the extraordinary cleanliness of the Northern sea-ports, and must have seen how the sailors love to have their houses as neat as their ships; and how in Neumuhlen, where many Captains and pilots have their little estates, the houses seem to shine with the incessant care bestowed upon them, in order to comprehend how vexed Jan Evers was when he found his long-deserted house to have suffered sadly from neglect. The little garden-plot before the door, which is never wanting, was full of weeds; the boughs of the fine linden had run wild all about, and shaded the chambers, which had thereby grown mouldy, so that the green paint on the walls had contracted ugly yellow stains. The whole aspect of the house made a melancholy impression, and even the Chinese Mandarin which was still standing upon the walnut buffet, where Jan used to see it when a child, seemed to nod its head gloomily when Jan once more took possession of his paternal abode.

The Captain, who was a fresh jolly fellow of some forty years old, was no longer the same man after he had passed a couple of weeks there. He grew moody, peevish, and barely civil; and my father often lamented the impatience with which he awaited the completion of the ship, in order to be off again.

One day Evers came to our house at an unusual hour, and desired to see my father, who at that time of day was not usually in his counting-room, but with his family. The Captain was shown in, and after we children had been sent away, at his desire, he said:

"I have something to say to you which it is best your good lady should hear, too. I have just come from the dock-yard, where I have been looking at the ship. It will be two months before she will be off the stocks. Then it will be too late to go to sea, even if you should have her rigged upon the stocks. I can't get off till Spring; and I can't hold out so long as that. If I only had my fellows of the Fortune here"—(this was the name of the vessel he had last commanded)—"if I only had them with me in Neumuhlen, it would be all right: but I grow down in the mouth there, it is so quiet. I'd rather be on a sand-island, alone with the seals and the sea-mews, under the open heavens, than among all those nicknacks of my little house, which must be used, and which I can't use. And so, I thought I'd ask you—"

"If you couldn't be off?" interrupted my father. "Surely, Evers, you are not thinking of that in earnest, are you?"

"No, I am not thinking of that. I have agreed to take command of the new ship; and I am in the habit of keeping my word. But I thought I would ask—" here he stopped, twirled his hat about in his hand, turned to my mother, and continued—"what you think about it—whether I hadn't better get married?"

It seemed as though a great load was taken from his mind, when he had got out those words. He had his house, a pretty little property, and was a good-looking, noble fellow, and bid fair to make an excellent husband; and so my mother advised him earnestly to carry his design into execution; asking him whether he had yet found a girl whom he could wish to marry.

"Will you give me Marie?" asked he.

Marie was the daughter of a woman who had attended me and my sisters, and who had long been dead. My parents had brought Marie up, and she served my mother as chambermaid; but was looked upon as one of the family, and was very dear to us all. She was about four-and-twenty years old, and might be considered a very pretty girl. My mother said, that she thought a marriage between Marie and the Captain would be altogether proper, notwithstanding he was considerably the older; and Evers begged her to be his spokeswoman with Marie.

"Tell her," said he, "that I have liked her for many years; that always when I have returned from a voyage, I have been glad to look upon her again; that when I have been in foreign ports, and have seen other Captains buying presents for their wives and children, I have often thought: Could you but do so, and make others happy—but for whom? I have grieved that I was unmarried; and at sea in stormy weather, I have fallen asleep imagining myself, some time or other, reposing with my wife and children. But as soon as I came into port, I have always been obliged to set sail again forthwith, and have forgotten all about getting married, as I had to be off so soon again, and must see to getting the cargo on board. But now I have time to think about it, and I like Marie very much! I will try to make her happy. You can assure her of that."

Marie was asked, and very gladly said Yes. The Captain had his house set in order; the rooms were newly painted, the garden attended to, the linden pruned; while Marie arranged the stores of linen and plate left by her deceased parents-in-law, with the pleasurable feeling of ownership. And so came the day when the ship was to be launched, and the pair were to be united.

We all went to the dock; my parents conveyed the young pair in a carriage, and the guests followed. We went on board the ship, the young couple preceding, then my parents, and the guests. The vessel was christened by the name of "Young Couple." We all burst out in loud huzzas, swung our glasses and our hats, and hurried from the stern, where the ceremony took place, to the bows, to remain there during the launch. The steps were removed; the ways in which the keel was to run were slushed with soap and tallow; the sound of the axe was heard, knocking away the last blocks; the line was cast off; one blow of an axe, and amid the huzzas of the carpenters, sailors, and spectators, the noble vessel shot into the water. Suddenly a shriek was heard; the bow-line had parted, and the ship, freed from its check, shot across the river, with such momentum that it struck against the opposite shore, and stuck fast.

In itself this was no great matter; for it cost little trouble or expense to tow the vessel back again. But the merriment of the occasion was interrupted by the shriek, and disturbed by the superstitious belief that any accident happening at a launch is a bad sign for the vessel. A silence fell upon the guests; Marie wept, and the Captain looked anxious, for all sailors are more or less superstitious. However, after the wedding, we grew cheerful again; the young pair went on to Neumuhlen, and the Autumn and Winter passed away quickly and happily. Sorrowfully they watched the approach of Spring, for the ship was afloat, her cargo ready, and the anchor was to be weighed as soon as the Elbe was free from ice.

This took place toward the end of March.—For the first time in his life, the Captain left Hamburg with tears in his eyes, after having heartily commended to my mother the care of his wife, who was expecting her first child to be born during the course of the Summer. If all went well, tidings of his arrival on the coast of Africa might be looked for about the time of her confinement; and he had promised to write as soon as possible, as not only his wife, but our establishment were anxious to receive letters from him.

But long after Marie had given birth to a boy, no tidings had come from her husband.

Autumn came and was gone; Winter came and went, and yet no intelligence reached us of the ship.

No other vessel had spoken her; she had put in at no other port; not a trace of her could be discovered; and after a year and a day we were forced to conclude that she had gone down with all on board. The grief of the young wife was very deep, though the hope still remained that the crew might have been saved, and that her husband would return. Thus passed years, until finally, when all imaginable inquiries had been made in vain, Marie began to grow accustomed to the idea of his loss, and to look upon herself as a widow.

About this time she became acquainted with a man who carried on a small business in Neumuhlen; and who wished to make her his wife. As Evers had been absent eight years, my parents advised her to consent, especially as they perceived that such was her own inclination.—But before a new marriage could be contracted, Evers must be judiciously pronounced to be dead. In the present case, after the usual preliminaries, there was no difficulty; and in the year 1828, Marie was married a second time; her son by the first marriage being then in his ninth year.

This marriage also proved to be a very happy one; and she had two children born in the first two years; both of whom survived.

One evening, in the Autumn of 1830, Marie was holding her youngest child in her arms, while her husband sat by her upon the sofa, enjoying his pipe. The older boy, the son of Evers, was busy at another table, near which his little sister was playing. A fierce storm was howling without; the rain and hail rattled against the windows; the night was unusually dark; and as some draught was felt, even in the well-secured apartment, Marie told her eldest son to close the shutters. The lad went to the window, but quickly returned, saying that a man was standing there.

"Let him stand," replied the father, and the boy went back to the window to close the shutters, when he found that the man had gone. All was quiet in the room. The boy went back to his occupation; the mother laid her infant in the cradle, put the girl to bed, and had taken up her work-basket, when an old woman burst into the room, half out of her wits with excitement, crying,

"Madame! Madame! Jan Evers was out there!"

Marie, her husband and the boy sprang up, and ran to the door. No one was to be seen. Marie trembled in every limb; the boy stood near her in utter bewilderment; the husband at last so far recovered himself, as to be able to inquire into the facts of the case.

The old woman, who had lived for some years in Neumuhlen, and was well acquainted with all the inhabitants, was almost as much excited and confounded as her neighbors. Gazing hastily about her all the time, as though she expected every moment to see the apparition again, she said that she "was going by for to buy some stuff, and then she saw a man in a blue jacket, with a Nor'-Wester on his head, a staring in at your window, and then it came into my head to come and look in too; and when the stranger saw me, he asked, 'Who lives in this house?' and then I told him Christian Veltlin did. Then the man went up to the window again, and looked in again, and then he turned about and went away. And then I knew him by his step, and ran after him, and called out as loud as ever I could, 'Jan Evers! Jan Evers!' But he wouldn't turn his head round, but ran on as fast as he could, but I caught him at last at the stairs that lead from the Neumuhlen up to the chaussee.—And then I took hold of him by the sleeve, and asked him, 'Jan Evers, Jan Evers, where have you come from?' And then he pushed me away and growled, 'I don't know nothin' about your Jan Everses. I'm the bo's'n of the Greenlander over there.' And then he ran off and left me standing there. But 'twas him, and I ran over here to tell you all about it."

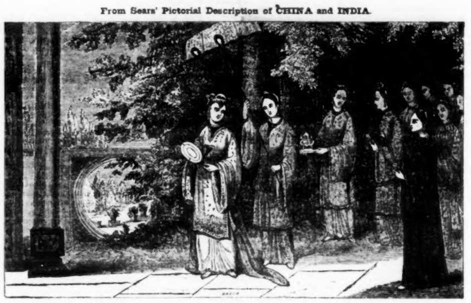
You may imagine the terror, the agony, and the despair in that little house. Veltlin, however, in order to soothe his wife, argued with her how improbable was the return of Evers, and how easily the old woman might have been deceived. Yet he was himself greatly troubled, and on the following morning, as early as possible, he and his wife came to my father to lay the matter before him, and to ask his advice.

My father advised them, first and foremost, to keep silent about the whole affair; but it was too late for that, for the old woman had told all Neumuhlen what had happened. New inquiries were at once set on foot after the reputedly dead Jan Evers. But they were just as fruitless as the former ones had been; and after a while Marie and Veltlin began to grow composed, convinced that the old woman must have been deceived by some strange resemblance. Peace and joy returned to the little household, and the marriage was never disturbed up to the time of Marie's death, which took place last Summer.

After that event, a document was transmitted to me by the magistracy of the capital, where, it seems, Jan had passed his last years under an assumed name. By this document, executed upon his death-bed, he constituted all the children of Marie Veltlin heirs to his little property; but with the express provision that the will should not be made public till after the death of Marie. Then it was known, for the first time, that the old woman was right. Jan Evers had most magnanimously sacrificed himself for his wife, and had lived and died alone and among strangers, although he was fully aware that a son had been born to him, who had lived to grow up.

Our Picture Gallery.

From Sears' Pictorial Description of CHINA and INDIA.



THE EMPRESS OF CHINA PROCEEDING TO THE TEMPLE FROM THE MULBERRY GROVE.

The general occupation of the females of China, at the times of Confucius, from the Empress to the wife of the meanest peasant, was the spinning and weaving of silk, which material, from the earliest period known, was used for clothing by the poor as well as by the rich, for the same reason that wool was used by the ancient Britons; because it was the material of which they had the greatest abundance. It is therefore no proof of superior wealth or grandeur that the peasantry of China wore silk garments, but merely a simple evidence of the fact that silk was the staple commodity of their country, as wool was of Britain.

The Empresses of those days were as zealous in promoting the branches of industry adapted for females by their own example, as were the Emperors in encouraging agriculture by similar means. A plantation of mulberry trees was formed within the gardens of the Palace, and a house built purposely for rearing the worms, which were tended by the ladies of the court, and often fed by the fair hands of royalty. Every autumn, a festival was held to commemorate the invention of silk-weaving, when the Empress, attended by the Princesses and the ladies of her train, made sacrifices in the temple of the earth, and then proceeded to her mulberry grove, where she gathered leaves and wound the cocoons of silk, which was afterward spun and woven into small webs by her own hands.—These were carefully preserved for the grand spring festival, when they were burned in sacrifice.

Great attention was bestowed on the management of silk worms throughout the whole of the Empire; and as it had been discovered that those which were fed on mulberry leaves produced a finer kind of silk than the wild worms of the forests, a law was made by one of the early Emperors, that every man possessing an estate of not less than five acres, should plant the boundary with mulberry trees.

The difference between the garments of the upper and lower orders consisted in the quality and colors of the silks of which they were composed, and the fashion in which they were made. The robes of the grandees were often richly embroidered with gold and silver, and ornamented with various devices, according to their rank and occupation. As instances of these distinctive marks, the dress of a literary man was ornamented by a bird worked on a square of black silk on the back; while that of a military chief was adorned with the figure of a tiger, or some other savage animal; and these are among the many customs that have been continued from that time to the present.

THE APPARITION:
OR, A PRACTICAL JOKE.

The Signor Giulio Mercadante was an Italian nobleman of merry disposition, who delighted in frolic and jovial disportments, whether in season or out of season. But into the villa of this enemy of care death entered suddenly and awfully. One of his followers, Baptista by name, a man of ferocious bearing, of great strength, and of bad repute, was found dead in the garden, stilettoed by an assassin. Report with her many tongues had been busy with his name, whispering that he, as well as another of the signor's servants, named Francesco, had been once enrolled in a bandit troop, but having quarrelled with their chieftain, had thrown off their allegiance, and taken service with the more peaceful Signor Mercadante. People murmured that it was hardly safe to trust them as inmates within the walls of a commonplace, every-day, legally-organised villa. But what was it to them? The signor was surely the best judge of the organisation of his own household; and he knew their former history as well as he knew that at present they were his faithful though rude varlets.

"If," said his lordship, "they have been robbers, so much the worse for them; they are good servants now, so much the better for me. May the Holy Virgin"—and here he would cross himself—"intercede for their pardon for the past, and bring before the throne of grace their present faithful service and good deeds!"

When he was told of Baptista's fate, he grieved and stormed; he called upon his patron saint to witness his registered vow of vengeance; and then with kindred spirits he sat himself down to his evening repast.

Meantime the body of the murdered man was placed in a kind of summer-house, which stood at some little distance from the villa, and which had Venetian windows opening upon the garden. Here an old crone had paid all necessary duties to the departed, and here his friend Francesco came to see that nothing had been omitted which the custom of his country deemed needful.

"And thou art to be with him this night, Francesco?" said the woman. "I wish thee hearty joy of thy office! But mind thee, my boy, to leave the window open, that when the Evil One comes for his own, there may be no impediment to his entrance."

"What sayest thou, old mother?" asked the young Italian, stealing a glance at the corpse.

"Why," said the crone, "I give you a friendly warning—that's all. Have you not heard, maestro, that when the clock strikes twelve the Evil One comes for his own?"—and here there was a devout touching of the forehead and shoulders, to signify the form of the cross—"and have you not heard that at the same moment the good angels come for *their* own?—and if there be any impediment in the way to or from the chamber of death, wo be to him who causes it!"

"And what, think you, will be the message for our old comrade there?" said Francesco, trying, under a mask of levity, to hide the perturbation within.

"Think!" said the old woman—"I do not think about so plain a matter! In his lifetime it is well known that Baptista sold himself to the Evil One; and he will surely claim his own. So keep a watch, and leave the window open, that his entering may not be barred. And now, good-night, and fair slumbers keep thee from harm." And the hag, in nowise deceived by Francesco's manner, chuckled and hugged herself with her skinny arms as she tottered from the death-chamber.

The Signor Giulio Mercadante meanwhile was entertaining his guests—three young men as thoughtless as himself—with the hapless fate of his domestic; remarking how curious it was that one with deportment in general so rude and ferocious should have the power of inspiring, where it so pleased him, the strongest attachment. He himself confessed to have been brought in some slight degree under this inexplicable influence, and to have felt a certain affection for his uncouth follower. But the greatest proof of this nameless power, he said, was evinced in Francesco; for this poor fellow, despite his former lawless career, was known to be a most unhesitating believer in all kinds of apparitions, be they good or evil: he dreaded ghosts and goblins—he feared the dead. Yet, with all this, he was going to keep guard in the lonely summer-house beside the corpse of his friend, because he deemed that so doing was a proof of the love and friendship he had ever borne him; and the signor marvelled that the poor fellow had not at least asked some person to keep him company in this mournful vigil. This discourse led to a discussion of the notions entertained by the peasantry respecting the struggle of the good and evil angels for the spirit of man as it left its mortal tenement; and the conversation suggested ideas to the Signor Giulio Mercadante which were infinitely tempting to a practical joker. Forthwith he summoned Pietro, one of his serving men—a fine soldierly-looking fellow, not at all unlike the deceased Baptista in person, but very dissimilar to the poor watcher, Francesco, in character, being a boastful scoffer at all belief in the agency of the invisible world.

"Here, Pietro," said his master, "would you in guerdon for small service like to earn this?" And he held up delicately by the fore-finger and thumb a silken purse, through the open network of which there glittered several silver coins.

"Say but the word, signor," replied the man, "and the purse shall be mine!"

"Hark, then!" said his master: "you know that some vile assassin has given the death-blow to my poor Baptista, who is even now stiffening on his funereal couch in the summer-house; and you know, too, that his comrade Francesco keeps him company?"

The man acquiesced by a low bow.

"I should like," continued the Signor Giulio, "to cure this simple Francesco of the foolish fancies he entertains respecting the dead: it might make him a better servitor for the future. I care not to have one in my train who starts at shadows after nightfall, though he be valiant enough in the broad daylight; and for this I want your wit and aid."

Pietro grinned from ear to ear in anticipation of what was to follow. He had had some experience in similar freaks since he had entered the service of the Signor Giulio Mercadante.

"*You* are not afraid of the dead?" questioned his lord.

"I, signor!" said Pietro, as he curled his moustache. "Many a time have I couched me on the battle-field with none but the slain beside me; and methinks if the dead could ever give cause for dread, they would do so at such a time and in such a place. But, tush! they were as incapable of moving as the soil on which they were stretched." And he snapped his fingers above his head as he spoke.

"Then," said his master, "you will not hesitate to take the place of Baptista for this night, and to play the part of a dead man?"

"Signor!" said the puzzled servitor.

"This," said the signor, "is what I require of you—simply to lie motionless and stiff in his stead, to deceive Francesco. Mark well what he does; and when the bell tolls midnight, rise up in your bed, and call him by name."

"I will do it!" said Pietro, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the scene. "Poor Francesco, he will be scared to death! Ah, we shall have a joke against him for life!"

"But," said one of the guests, "have you considered that upon this night, above all other nights in the year, the powers of the air have influence on man; and that Baptista, whom you will thus represent, led a most wicked life?"

"Tut, tut, my lord!" said Pietro—"all old wives' fables to scare women and children!"

When the door had closed upon him the guests unanimously expressed their doubts as to the actual scepticism of the fellow.

"Well, let us try him!" said their host, who now fairly found himself in his element, and who with his friends hastily set to work to dupe both Pietro and Francesco.

Two of them proceeded to the summer-house, where they found Francesco keeping watch by his friend's body, and telling him that his master desired his presence, they removed the corpse during his absence, and placed Pietro upon the funereal couch.

Night was drawing her sable curtains round the earth when Francesco returned with a cigar, a bottle of wine, and some old journals, as aids to enable him to pass the night with composure.—He placed the table at the farther end of the room, with a lamp upon it, and sat, it may be well believed, with his back to the couch. He tried to become deeply interested in the journals: in vain—his eyes saw the characters, but these would not impress themselves on his brain. Now and then, but evidently with an effort, he turned his head slowly over his shoulder to steal a glance at the supposed dead man; and often he started, and nervously glanced round the room.

All this for a time served highly to amuse the stiff and motionless Pietro; indeed he would have willingly given vent to his laughter, the more so as he dared not; and this inclination gave him a tickling sensation in his throat, which cost a superhuman effort to repress it. What relief a cough or a hem would have given him!

Then after awhile he became weary—the remaining perfectly still for so long a time was a far more difficult task than he had imagined; and in order to nerve himself to the endurance of such a part to the end, he had to bear in mind not only the glittering purse, but also that mocking incredulity which he had seen so legibly impressed upon the faces of his master's guests.—"No," he thought, "were I to fail they would attribute it to unwillingness to remain in the dead man's place at midnight, and not to this irrepressible feeling of restlessness." So he persevered. A blessing it was to him that the plotters had drawn the mosquito curtains in full and ample folds around him; for he could open wide his eyes, he could pout his lips, put out his tongue, stretch the muscles of his feet, or elongate his legs to their greatest tension, or press the hands crossed upon his bosom, without much fear of detection. Once or twice indeed Francesco had turned sharply round, but after an awfully scared look he had apparently become convinced that the movement had only been fancied by him, or was caused by the fluttering of the light on the distant couch, and he had again turned to the perusal of the journal. But the stillness was far worse for the impostor to bear than the visible indications of Francesco's inquietude. It gave him the fear of falling asleep: if he did, he should assuredly snore; and then there would be a forfeiture of the purse, and the laugh would be against him instead of his dupe. But the temptation was very strong; the bed, the gloom, the stillness, the tic-tic of the time-piece, the rustling of the journal as its leaves were turned over with a peculiar lulling sound—surely never was mortal so tempted by external objects to turn upon his side and enjoy a good nap. He was fain to pinch his skin, to keep himself awake.

The time-piece struck half-past eleven. Another half hour more must he suffer such purgatory; and how fervently he wished that just for a few minutes in that term the journal would prove a soporific to Francesco, and allow him the opportunity of easing his cramped frame!

Now, had poor Francesco been really thinking of the journal, it is ten chances to one that he might have slept; but his thoughts were wandering despite his will. He recalled those scenes in which he had stood side by side with the murdered Baptista—scenes of robbery, of violence, and even bloodshed. He divined full well who had given the death-blow to his old comrade—that it was one of those former associates who never forgave a desertion from their band, and whose vows of vengeance were always kept. But how had they hunted him out? Then there came the conviction that he too was a marked man; and somehow with that conviction, there flashed across his mind doubts of the old woman who had laid out Baptista for burial, and seemed so perfectly acquainted with his former life. He too well knew how many agents among the poor the robbers could command. What if information of his lonely watch should have been communicated to them, and that, in order to give facility to their purpose, he had been desired to leave the window open—advice given under the mask of superstitious fear?

These and similar conjectures chased one another through his brain, until he forgot his ideal alarms in what he considered more substantial causes for fear. Under their influence he rose from his chair and paced up and down the room.

Poor Pietro! No chance of movement for him now. He was obliged to close his eyes for fear of detection, so he could not perceive Francesco's next movement. He, following the current of his thoughts, examined a small pistol which he drew from his vest, primed it, and again returned it to its resting-place.

The time-piece struck the quarter to midnight; Pietro could not help it—he moved a little. Francesco started, sank into a chair, he glared upon the bed; but then there followed no movement—all was stiff, rigid, motionless! He took his handkerchief, wiped the clammy moisture from his brow, trimmed the lamp, and tossed off a glass of wine. The old woman's words recurred to his memory afresh; perhaps the warning, after all, was given in sincerity. He approached the window half-credulously, half-mistrustfully. He opens it. He places himself in the shade, and looks out; and soon his attention becomes so riveted upon what he perceives to be going on in the garden, that he forgets the corpse; or if there be some dim idea of its presence, it is only in connection with its being made the vehicle for his own destruction. Now all doubt of the old woman's treachery has vanished; for there, creeping within the shadows of the trees, or resting behind some statue, or stealing on all-fours by the fountains, come four figures, stealthily wending their way to the summer-house. He thought even he recognised the night-prowlers by their separate manœuvres.

In those few minutes Francesco was transformed from a timid coward into the bold, resolute man. He knew that it was mortal agency he had to encounter, and that he must trust entirely to his own arm for defence. He quietly and gently withdrew further into the shade of the room, and took up his position where he could command the open window, near which was placed the couch.

The time-piece struck midnight. As the last sound reverberated, there was an indescribable noise at the open window; a groan, mingled with the clanking of chains or the click of steel, and then a figure darkened the entrance; it had come into the room. Francesco waited not to see who or what it was, but quick as lightning he levelled his piece and fired. With a piercing shriek the figure bounded upwards a few feet, and then fell upon the couch.

The three guests, who had little anticipated this termination to their folly, now shouting to Francesco, rushed into the room, where they found Pietro sitting upright in his bed, with eyes glued in an idiotic stare on the frightful object which was stretched across his feet, and to which he pointed, mumbling unintelligibly.

It was the Signor Giulio Mercadante, who, in a black robe, with flames daubed upon it, and horns and wings and glassy eyes, was now pouring out his lifeblood over the desecrated couch of the dead.

It was some time before Pietro entirely recovered the use of his senses: Francesco fled the country; and it may well be imagined that after this terrible lesson, the three thoughtless guests never again attempted a practical joke.

COOLNESS.—Take things coolly. Coolness, figuratively speaking, is the oil that makes the cog-wheels of existence run smoothly. Enthusiasm, impetuosity, and hot-headed zeal often accomplish wonders in a moment, but it is coolness that directs great enterprises, and lasts while those melt away and are forgotten with their works.

Take things coolly. Never allow yourself to be carried away by the fury of a moment. It is coolness that has saved many a man's life in the hour of danger, and put out more fires than all the engines ever constructed. If you happen to be aboard a steamboat, at the time of an accident, do not jump overboard and drown yourself before you are satisfied that there is any occasion for the step. If a man insults you in the street, do not make yourself ridiculous by flying into a passion, and creating a row about nothing. If a robber attacks you, do not take it for granted that he is the strongest, and leave your property and life at his disposal, before you have coolly argued the point with him, and ascertained whether you have really any cause to fear him. If a dog approaches you too familiarly, do not get angry and kick him, or strike him with your cane, before you have taken into due consideration the merits and sharpness of his jaws and teeth. If you see a house tumbling down, do not allow a panic to seize you and throw you down among and with the ruins, but be cool, and take yourself away from the scene of danger as respectable a pace as possible. If your house takes fire, do not throw all the crockery, looking glasses and furniture out of the windows, while you carry the beds and all the old clothes carefully down stairs, and spend as little time as possible in breaking to pieces articles that might as well burn up. Do not let the fury of speculation seize you, and hurry you and your fortune down the road to perdition, but if you wish to speculate, do it coolly as you would set down to your dinner. In short, take all things coolly, if possible; if not, do take things as coolly as you can.

Selected Sketch.

THE SHADOW OF LUCY HUTCHINSON.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

There are some books that leave upon the mind a strange impression, one of the most delightful reading can produce—a haunting of the memory, it may be, by one form or by several, strangely real, having a positive personal presence and identity, yet always preserving an immaterial existence, and occupying a "removed ground," from which they never stir to mingle with the realities of recollection. These shadows hold their place apart, as some rare dreams do, claiming from us an indescribable tenderness.

The "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson" is such a book. In many passages it is tedious—a record of petty strategies of partisan warfare—and, more dreary still, of factious jealousies and polemical hatreds. The absolute truth of the book is fatal, in one direction, to our hero-worship. The leaders of the Great Rebellion, in such minute details, appear as mere schemers, as rival agents at a borough election; and the most fervent in professions of religious zeal, are as bitter in their revenges as the heroes of a hundred scalps; but there arises out of the book, and is evermore associated with it, the calm, quiet shadow of a woman of exquisite purity, of wondrous constancy, of untiring affection—Lucy Hutchinson, its writer.

John Hutchinson is at Richmond, lodging at the house of his music-master. He is twenty-two years of age. The village is full of "good company," for the young Princes are being educated in the palace, and many "ingenious persons entertained themselves at that place." The music-master's house is the resort of the King's musicians; and "divers of the gentlemen and ladies that were affected with music came thither to hear." There was a little girl "tabled" in the same house with John Hutchinson, who was taking lessons of the lutanist—a charming child, full of vivacity and intelligence. She told John she had an elder sister,—a studious and retiring person—who was gone with her mother, Lady Apsley, into Wiltshire—and Lucy was going to be married, she thought. The little girl ever talked of Lucy—and the gentlemen talked of Lucy—and one day a song was sung which Lucy had written—and John and the vivacious child walked, another day, to Lady Apsley's house, and there, in a closet, were Lucy's Latin books. Mr. Hutchinson grew in love with Lucy's image; and when the talk was more rife that she was about to be married,—and some said that she was indeed married—he became unhappy—and "began to believe there was some magic in the place, which enchanted men out of their right senses; but the sick heart could not be chid nor advised into health." At length Lucy and her mother came home; and Lucy was not married. Then John and Lucy wandered by the pleasant banks of the Thames, in that Spring-time of 1638, and a "mutual friendship" grew up between them. Lucy now talked to him of her early life; how she had been born in the Tower of London, of which her late father, Sir John Apsley, was the Governor; how her mother was the benefactress of the prisoners, and delighted to mitigate the hard fortune of the noble and the learned, and especially Sir Walter Raleigh, by every needful help to his studies and amusement; how she herself grew serious amongst these scenes, and delighted in nothing but reading, and would never practice her lute or harpsichords, and absolutely hated her needle. John was of a like serious temper. Their fate was determined.

The Spring is far advanced into Summer.—On a certain day the friends on both sides meet to conclude the terms of the marriage. Lucy is not to be seen. She has taken the small pox.—She is very near death. At length John is permitted to speak to his betrothed. Tremblingly and mournfully she comes into his presence.—She is "the most deformed person that could be seen." Who could tell the result in words so touching as Lucy's own? "He was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her. But God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her; though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered to be as well as before."

They were married on the 3d of July, 1638.

In the Autumn of 1641, John and Lucy Hutchinson are living in their own house of Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire. They have two sons.—They are "peaceful and happy." John has dedicated two years since his marriage to the study of "school divinity." He has convinced himself of the "great point of predestination." This faith has not, as his wife records, produced a "carelessness of life in him," but "a more strict and holy walking." He applies himself, in his house at Owthorpe, "to understand the things" in dispute between the King and Parliament.—He is satisfied of the righteousness of the Parliament's cause; but he then "contents himself with praying for peace." In another year the King has set up his standard in Nottingham; the battle of Edgehill has been fought; and hope of peace is at an end. John Hutchinson is forced out of his quiet habitation by the suspicions of his royalist neighbors. He is marked as a Roundhead. Lucy does not like the name. "It was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who, having naturally a very fine, thick-set head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him; although the godly of those days when he embraced their party, would not allow him to be religious because his hair is not in their cut." The divinity student now becomes a Lieutenant-Colonel. He raises a company of "very honest godly men." The Earl of Chesterfield is plundering the houses of the Puritans in the Vale of Belvoir, near Owthorpe; and the young Colonel has apprehensions for the safety of his family. In the depth of Winter, a troop of horse arrive one night at the lonely house where Lucy and her children abide. They are hastily summoned to prepare for an instant journey. They are to ride to Nottingham before sunrise, for the soldiers are not strong enough to march in the day. Lucy is henceforth to be the companion of her husband in his perilous office—his friend, his comforter—a ministering angel amongst the fierce and dangerous spirits, whom he sways by a remarkable union of courage and gentleness.

Let us look at the shadow of Lucy Hutchinson. She tranquilly sits in one of the upper chambers of the old and ruinous castle of which her husband is appointed Governor. It is a Summer evening of 1643. In that tower, built upon the top of the rock, tradition says that Queen Isabel received her paramour Mortimer; and at the base of the rock are still shown Mortimer's Well, and Mortimer's Hole, as Lady Hutchinson saw them two centuries ago. She looks out of the narrow windows by which her chamber is lighted. There is the Trent, peacefully flowing on one side, amid flat meadows.—On the other is the town of Nottingham. The Governor has made the ruinous castle a strong fortress with which he can defy the Cavaliers, should they occupy the town beneath. Opposite the towers is the old church of St. Nicholas, whose steeple commands the platform of the castle. The Governor has sent away his horse, and many of his foot, to guard the roads by which the enemy could approach Nottingham.—There is no appearance of danger. The reveille is beat. Those who have been watching at night lounge into the town. It is in the possession of the Cavaliers. The scene is changed. The din of ordnance rouses Lucy from her quiet calm upon the windings of the Trent. For five days and nights there is firing without intermission.—Within the walls of the castle there are not more than eighty men. The musketeers on St. Nicholas's steeple pick off the cannoniers at their guns.

Now and then, as the assailants are beaten from the walls, they leave a wounded man behind, and he is dragged into the castle. On the sixth day, after that terrible period of watchfulness, relief arrives. The Cavaliers are driven from the town with much slaughter, and the castle is filled with prisoners. Lucy has been idle during those six days of peril. There was a task to be performed—a fitting one for woman's tenderness. Within the castle was a dungeon called the Lion's Den, into which the prisoners were cast; and as they were brought up from the town, two of the fanatical ministers of the garrison reviled and maltreated them. Lucy reads the commands of her Master after another fashion. As the prisoners are carried bleeding to the Lion's Den, she implores that they should be brought in to her, and she binds up and dresses their wounds. The two ministers mutter—and their souls abhor to see this favor done to the enemies of God—and they teach the soldiers to mutter. But Lucy says, "I have done nothing but my duty. These are our enemies, but they are our fellow creatures. Am I to be upbraided for these poor humanities?" And then she breathes a thanksgiving to Heaven that her mother had taught her this humble surgery. There is a tear in John's eye as he gazes on this scene. That night the Cavalier officers sup with him, rather as guests than as prisoners.

In the vale of Belvoir, about seven miles from Belvoir Castle, is the little village of Owthorpe. When Colonel Hutchinson returned to the house of his fathers, after the war was ended, he found it plundered of all its moveables—a mere ruin. In a few years it is a fit dwelling for Lucy to enjoy a lifelong rest, after the terrible storms of her early married days. There is no accusing spirit to disturb their repose. John looks back upon that solemn moment when he signed the warrant for the great tragedy enacted before Whitehall without remorse. He had prayed for "an enlightened conscience," and he had carried out his most serious convictions. He took no part in the despotic acts that followed the destruction of the monarchy. He had no affection for the fanatics who held religion to be incompatible with innocent pleasures and tasteful pursuits. At Owthorpe, then, he lived the true life of an English gentleman. He builds—he plants—he adorned his house with works of art—he was the first magistrate—the benefactor of the poor. The earnest man who daily expounded the Scriptures to his household was no ascetic. There was hospitality within those walls—with music and revelry. The Puritans looked gloomily and suspiciously upon the dwellers at Owthorpe. The Cavaliers could not forgive the soldier who had held Nottingham Castle against all assaults.

The Restoration comes. The royalist connexions of Lucy Hutchinson have a long struggle to save her husband's life; but he is finally included in the Act of Oblivion. He is once more at Owthorpe, without the compromise of his principles. He has done with political strife forever.

On the 11th of October, 1663, there is a coach waiting before the hall of Owthorpe. That hall is filled with tenants and laborers. Their benefactor cheerfully bids them farewell; but his wife and children are weeping bitterly. That coach is soon on its way to London with the husband and wife, and their eldest son and daughter. At the end of the fourth day's journey, at the gates of that fortress within which she had once been born, Lucy Hutchinson is parted from him whose good and evil fortunes she had shared for a quarter of a century.

About a mile from Deal stands Sandown Castle. In 1664, Colonel Hutchinson is a prisoner within its walls. It was a ruinous place, not weather-proof. The tide washed the dilapidated fortress; the windows were unglazed; cold, and damp, and dreary was the room where the proud heart bore up against physical evils. For even here there was happiness. Lucy is not permitted to share his prison; but she may visit him daily. In the town of Deal resides that faithful wife. She is with him at the first hour of the morning; she remains till the latest of night. In sunshine or in storm, she is pacing along that rugged beach, to console and be consoled.

Eleven months have thus passed, when Lucy is persuaded by her husband to go to Owthorpe to see her children.

"When the time of her departure came, she left with a very sad and ill-presaging heart." In a few weeks John Hutchinson is laid in the family vault in that Vale of Belvoir.

Lucy Hutchinson sits in holy resignation in the old sacred home. She has a task to work out. She has to tell her husband's history, for the instruction of her children: "I that am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and, if it were possible, to augment my love, can, for the present, find out none more just to your dear father, nor consolatory to myself, than the preservation of his memory."

So rests her shadow, ever, in our poor remembrance.

Selected Articles.

THE INSTINCTS OF THE HEART.

Madame Lenormand, the widow of the great printer and publisher of that name, has just expired in Paris, at the age of ninety-four. She had for years continued the business of her husband, and her house was the first in France.—Amongst other works, she published the memoirs of her celebrated namesake, M'lle Lenormand, the fortune-teller, to whom Napoleon gave one hundred thousand francs, and in whom he placed implicit faith. Both lived in the same neighborhood, and, one day, a confusion, originating in a similarity of name, gave rise to the following anecdote, which gives a good idea of the character of the estimable woman just deceased:—

A young girl, trembling with emotion evidently laboring under great distress of mind, was introduced by the servant into M'me Lenormand's study.

"Oh! Madame," exclaimed the young girl, "you who read the future, come to my help."

M'me Lenormand looked intently for some time at the trembling girl, then, after asking a few insignificant questions, she said, in an impressive tone:

"You have fled from your father's house?"

"Helas, yes!"

"It was love which induced you?"

"It was."

"He entreated you to follow him?"

"It is true."

"So much for the present; then, my child—"

"But the future, Madame, the future?"

"The future; this is the future. He will leave you, abandon you to infamy and poverty, leave you to die of shame and grief. Despair and sorrow will send your father to his grave. This is the future."

Then, putting her arm round the poor child, she soothed her, spoke words of affection and reason, till her mind became calmer; and then, when the tears began to flow, and the feverish excitement of passion was abated, she ordered her carriage, and drove her to her home.

As they went, the young girl, taking the hand and gazing in the face of her benefactress, said:

"You are indeed a prophetess—nothing is hidden from you—the present, the future."

"No, my child, I am not a prophetess—nor a witch—but I am a mother, and the instincts of a mother's heart inspired me."

THEY WON'T BELIEVE.

A SADDENED CONVICTION.

We tell them they are beautiful,
And free from thoughts of guile,
They seem to think it flattery,
And answer with a smile.
We say that he were base who could
Such innocence deceive,
And then assure them how we love,
But they won't believe.

If in their presence, we are sure
To sacrifice our hearts,
In consequence of which we rave
Of Cupid's flames and darts,
And tell them that, when far away,
Despairingly we grieve
To look upon their forms again,
But oh! they won't believe.

They go with us to routs or balls,
And help us eat ice creams,
Or condescend to occupy
A seat within our teams;
They smile on us bewitchingly,
And graciously receive
Our token rings and other things,
But oh! they won't believe.

And when with arms together linked,
In moonlight walks we go,
The heart beats quick and nervously,
And then in accents low
We breathe our earnest tales of love,
While, "laughing in their sleeve,"
They hear us quite attentively,
But oh! they won't believe.

Carpet Bag.

NOVEL READING.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

A mind is but half trained that has read a whole library of histories, biographies and scientific works, if fiction has been withheld. Imagination is a most important part of the mind: it wants food, and will have it. If something congenial is not supplied, it will of itself manufacture sustenance; and we believe the imaginings of those who have never read fiction are as wild as the wildest "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" stories of Mrs. Radcliff herself. Very much is gained by leading the imaginations of the million into the trained and cultivated paths opened up by a good novelist. Nothing is so well calculated to give just practical views of life as good fiction, for no other kind of composition contains so much truth. One never sees more than a skeleton of truth in a history or biography; the muscles and circulating fluids are wanting—the bare bones stand out; but the motive, the moving springs, the emotions of the heart—what biographer or historian can or dare give these? The outlines are realities, the whole filling out most generally fiction, and fiction which is falsehood, for it professes to be fact. In a novel, the outlines—the names and dates—are fiction, and a fiction which is not false, because it professes to be just what it is, while all the essential and intermediate parts are facts. An author can go down into the heart of a hero or heroine with a fictitious name, and bring up the secrets from thence to teach their lesson to those who will learn; but should he take any such liberty with one whose address could be found in the city directory, he should be called to account, and charged with a gross breach of confidence.

We would give young people novels on the same principle that we would give children "Mother Goose's Tales," to impart a taste for reading—and in order to give them practical views of life, which cannot readily be attained elsewhere. Wise people may sneer at love and courtship just as much as they please, and when they are done, these are the most important things in life. Every young person ought to know what is considered proper in the process of love-making and receiving addresses, and but few know this instinctively. The more theological, scientific and historical education you give a girl, the more likely is she to make some egregious blunder in her heart affairs, if she have altogether eschewed light reading. We know two pious, exemplary women who became confirmed old maids, not from choice, but from mere ignorance. One of them was present when we, a girl, were telling mother as usual all the minutiæ of a party at which we had been the evening before. Among other things a partner in a country dance, with true Western emphasis, had made a ring on our finger leave a painful indentation by holding our hand too firmly.—Mother was giving us a matronly lecture on coquetry, and we were laughing at the funny remembrance of the bruised finger, when we observed ——'s head hanging over her work, and heavy drops falling from her eyes. After a moment she looked up and asked in such a strange, doubting tone—

"Would you permit a man to squeeze your hand?"

"Why, certainly, if I liked him, and if I did not, I should take it away."

After a moment's hesitation, in which she appeared to master a great emotion, she said—

"I dismissed the only man I ever loved for that!"

She was then an old, withered woman, and to that day, through long years, had lived with the harrowing belief that the only man she had ever loved, her beau ideal of manly perfection, had taken advantage of her unprotected state as an orphan, and grossly insulted her, because, after two years of courtship he had pressed her hand the first time he had been permitted to hold it, which was to prevent her falling as they walked over an icy pavement from church on a dark night. She had some time before taken his arm, and that night had, with fear and trembling for the propriety of the step, allowed him to hold her hand, the better to support her; and this she feared had given him reason to think lightly of her, so that he had committed the grievous outrage of significantly pressing her hand, at which she sprang from his side, ran home, denied him admission when he called, and studiously refused to see him again, or give any explanation, until he wearied, not knowing what was wrong, and married another. She became prematurely old, but never forgot her first and only love, and it was a relief to her to know he had not been unworthy, and that what she had thought prudence was prudery, which had rendered her life desolate. If she had read "Alonzo and Melissa" even, it would have taught her better, and done more to promote her life's happiness than all she had ever learned from theological controversies, in which she was well versed.

The other one of whom we spoke asked a married lady, very gravely, if ever Mr. ——— had attempted to put his arm around her waist before marriage? She had considered herself grossly insulted by such an attempt on the part of a gentleman she expected to marry, had dismissed him for the offence, and was an old maid, beginning to doubt the correctness of her opinions on etiquette.

Neither of these women had ever read a novel, and both of them had the most singular, unnatural ideas about love and matrimony that could possibly be imagined; and they gave to these subjects more thought than any confirmed novel reader we ever knew.

Fiction for young people's reading should be selected by some judicious older person. Some of the works of Goldsmith, Scott, Grace Kennedy, Jane Porter, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Bremer, and many others, cannot easily be read without enlarging the ideas and improving the heart.

☞ Rich men have commonly more need to be taught contentment than the poor.

☞ How much pain have those evils cost us that have never happened.

Miscellaneous.

LINES

TO MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, Author of "The Discarded Wife," &c. &c.

[illegible]

Awake [illegible] by a song
Of woman's words, [illegible]
And [illegible]
Until [illegible]
That [illegible]
Then [illegible] spirit [illegible] eyes.

Thou who hast told of Hagar's [illegible],
Of [illegible]—of man's inconstancy!
Say, hast thou felt the [illegible] of [illegible],
Or dost thou dream of such hypocrisy?
The traitor's kiss, the world's cold scorn,
Are these by feeling or by fancy drawn?

Spirit of sadness! from thy gloom awake;
In Christ's calm [illegible]
Oh, that thy genius, like the troubled lake,
By God's [illegible] bright fed its [illegible]!
And then with holy [illegible] wield thy pen
For God's own glory and the good of men.

With ink inspired, thy genius [illegible] portray
The [illegible] that [illegible] in the heart;
The tinselled garb of guilt dost rive away,
And golden gleams to vision [illegible] impart.
Accept this simple lay to genius due,
This friendly wreath my muse has twined for you.

August 26, 1851. PHILOS.

FIRE.

The cool weather is reminding housekeepers of the necessity of artificial heat for keeping themselves comfortable. The multiplication of fires of course increases the dangers of accidents from such cause, and in addition to greater care, some knowledge of the principles to be pursued in the management of fires is necessary. A writer in the Boston Traveller, whose initials are those of a distinguished chemist of that city, calls attention to the causes of spontaneous combustion. Porous bodies, like pine charcoal, when perfectly dry, absorb rapidly oxygen from the air, and take fire at a temperature below 212 deg. F., or the boiling point of water. Light chaff of corn and shavings took fire at 300 deg. F., in a drying-mill of a corn-mill. A drying-room of a chemical and color laboratory took fire at 300 deg. F. Fine chips from oil of turpentine casks, packed in a barrel, took fire at the ordinary Summer heat. The wood-work around steam-pipes never heated so high as 300 deg. F., becomes charred, or is converted into brown charcoal. Oiled cotton and rags imbued with any drying oil, when packed in a mass into a barrel, take fire at ordinary temperatures of a factory. Mixed lampblack and linseed oil take fire at ordinary temperatures, if the lampblack is in excess, or a portion of it is dry. Strips of new painted carpet, stowed away in a garret in masses, took fire at the Summer heat of our climate. A knowledge of these facts, with sufficient care, will prevent fires from spontaneous combustion.

Carpenters and masons in building should not bring any wood work against those parts of chimneys that are likely to become heated, either from ordinary fires or from fires in the soot of the chimneys. The timbers get charred, and the admission of air through cracks of the plastering, or in the chimney, will cause the destruction of such houses.

When the air-chamber of a furnace is small, a quantity of very hot air is delivered by the register. This is always dangerous, and it is also a most uncomfortable and unwholesome heat, drying up furniture and cracking the wood-work of the house. Straw carpeting and wood have been set on fire by the heat of a hot-air register. A furnace should deliver a very *large volume of warm air*, and then comes good ventilation with air that is not so desiccating as to injure the house or impair health. The action of vinegar of wood, a pyroligneous acid, on the mortar of chimneys, removes the cement from between the bricks, and thus exposes the house to fire from the chimney, which, after the use of the so-called air-tight stoves, is charged with the most powerfully inflammable matters. The mortar of new houses, not fully hardened, is most readily dissolved out by acids from air-tight stoves.

When a fire has taken in the burning of a house, do not cut a hole below or at the place of the fire, but always cut through *above it*, but not before you have a few buckets of water ready to pour down upon the fire. When a chimney with a fire-place gets on fire, and threatens so to endanger the house, the fire may at once be extinguished by throwing a pound or two of brimstone into the fire, and closing up the fire-place with a fire-board or screen. Stopping the top of the chimney by a damper is also a good way to extinguish the fire in it, for the carbonic acid formed, soon puts an end to combustion. On board ships, it is very easy to extinguish a fire in the hold by means of carbonic acid gas.

1st. A tank full of broken chalk or marble, placed in the hold of the ship.

2nd. A lead tube extending from the deck to the chalk tank.

3rd. A quantity of diluted sulphuric acid to pour down the tube into the tank.

The action of very dilute acid on wood-work is not in any way dangerous, and it might even be kept in tight wooden casks. When carbonate of lime or chalk, marble and limestone are decomposed by sulphuric acid, there is disengaged from every hundred weight of the carbonate of lime, 44 pounds of carbonic acid gas, which gas is heavier than the air, so as to slowly displace it by raising it all out of the ship's hold. Combustion cannot take place in this gas, nor can man or any animal breathe it without suffocation.—After the fire is entirely extinct in the hold, and the heated parts of the cargo or wood-work are cooled, the air-pumps or air-sails may be freely used to ventilate the ship, and no one must go below, until a candle lowered down continues to burn.

EARLY MARRIAGES.—There have been so many articles published in the newspapers, illustrative of the advantages always arising from early marriages, that we are tempted to give the following, on the other side of the question:

The practice of early marriages, so common in the United States, is one of the worst features of society. Under the most favorable circumstances it involves too many considerations, and entails too many liabilities on all parties, to be entered into without deep and serious reflection. It is well enough, when young people love each other, to think they cannot live apart; but it is not well for them to marry without some good provision for the future. The common saying, that it costs no more to maintain two than one, is a fallacy, which is every day exposed, to the great dissatisfaction of its deluded dupes. Besides, the bodies and minds of the young need development in the school of experience. What could be lightly borne at thirty, would be their ruin at eighteen. Nature, at that age, has not ripened us mentally or physically, and all premature developments must be fearfully atoned for in after years. Youth does not know its own weakness. Lacking depth and sound judgment, what it adores to-day, it is often indifferent to on the morrow. Many have married on the supposed strength of first affections, and awakened from the dream to find themselves utterly and irretrievably miserable. There is a halo about youth it is not well to trust overmuch. Better mistrust it altogether, and depend upon manhood and the future.

The affection that cannot "learn to labor, and to wait," can never endure any length of time. It is not the true love, but the false, who has assumed the shape of his divine twin. Above all others, the poor should avoid early marriages. In a single state, poverty is a care; but the double poverty of marriage is a hell to endure. Want and distress soon rob love of its charms, and life of its bloom. Affection will not make the pot boil, neither will it pay house rent and buy new dresses. What was irksome to be borne alone, is doubly so when the law has bound its victim to another for life. Then there are the young innocents, who should not suffer, but who do suffer, for the folly of their parents. The thousands of idle, ragged and vicious children in our streets and poor houses, are the fruits of early and improvident marriages, and half the misery of the poorer classes results from the same cause.

FASCINATION.—The Uniontown (Pennsylvania) Democrat, speaking of the power of fascination attributed to snakes says—"Two gentlemen of this vicinity descending the road to the Ohiopyle Falls of the Yough River, a few days ago, discovered a grey squirrel sitting in the middle of the road. At the side of the road lay a large black snake. The squirrel seemed perfectly stupefied—made no effort to escape. The snake approached it so cautiously and slowly, that no motion was perceptible, except by an evident gradual diminution of the distance between them. At length the snake reached the squirrel—passing its mouth over the head as if licking it, for the purpose of covering it with slime of saliva. This done, then it commenced swallowing it—when the gentlemen killed both the snake and the squirrel."

YANKEE INGENUITY.—Brother Jonathan, at the World's Fair in London, has astonished John Bull with his *reaping machine*; has beat all his boatmen, and sold him his *boat*; has frightened him with his *revolving pistols*; and has *picked the lock* on his bank; and thus compelled the old gentleman to ask Jonathan *to close the door himself*!—*Worcester Palladium.*

HOW TO DETECT COUNTERFEITS.

The following excellent "Rules" we copy from the [illegible]. By carefully examining these rules, and with such other information as may be derived from a Reporter, persons need not be imposed upon with counterfeit notes:—

1.—Examine the appearance of the bill. The genuine have a general [illegible] appearance.

2.—Examine the vignette, or picture in the middle of the bill—see if the sky or background looks clear and transparent, or soft and even, and not scratchy.

3.—Examine well the faces, see if the expression is distinct and easy, natural and life-like.—Particularly the eyes.

4.—See if the drapery or dress fits well, looks natural and easy, shows the folds distinctly.

5.—Examine the medallion, ruling, and heads, and circular ornaments around the figures, &c. See if they are regular, smooth and uniform—not scratchy. This work in the genuine, looks as if raised on the paper, and cannot be perfectly imitated.

6.—Examine the principal line of letters, or name of the bank. See if they are all upright, perfectly true and even; or if sloping, of a uniform slope.

7.—Carefully examine the shade or parallel ruling on the face or outside of the letters, &c., see if it is clear, and looks as if colored with a brush. The fine and parallel lines in the genuine are of equal size, smooth and even; counterfeits look as if done with a file.

8.—Observe the round-hand writing engraved on the bill, which should be black, equal in size and distance, of a uniform slope, and smooth.—This, in genuine notes, is invariably well done, looks very perfect. In counterfeits it is seldom so, but often looks stiff, as if done with a pen.

9.—Notice the "imprint," or engraver's name, which is always near the border or end of the note, and is always alike, letters small, upright and engraved very perfectly. Counterfeits seldom do this well.

NOTE.—It was remarked by Stephen Burroughs, before he died, that two things could not be perfectly counterfeited, one was the dye-work, or portraits, medallion heads, vignette, &c., and the other, shading or ruling above the letters.—*Bank Note Reporter.*

BAD CHAMBER ADVENTURE.—A lady was awakened in the night, in Boston, by the crying of her infant in the adjoining chamber, and, in order to attend to it without disturbing her husband's sleep, she, as a loving wife would do, softly drew the coverlet over him, slipped out of the sheets, and groping her way to the door, went plump into a pair of masculine arms. She, very naturally felt frenzy, but, instead of fainting, cried aloud with fright, arousing the inmates of the dwelling, all of whom, attired only in their night-clothes, rushed thither to discover the unknown wife and mother in the embrace of her husband, who had already been to ascertain the cause of their infant's distress, and was silently returning to bed when she ran against him. The incident was "a capital joke," and their acquaintances who witnessed it, enjoyed a little bit of amusement at their expense and discomfiture. We are happy to be able to inform our readers that no serious consequences are expected to follow.—*Traveller.*

ENGLISH FARMING.—Sam Slick says, writing from England, "Arter all, they haint got no Ingin corn here, they can't raise it, nor punkin-pies, nor quinces, nor pea-nuts, nor silk worms, nor nothin'. Then as to their farmin'—only look at five great elephant-lookin' beasts in one plough, with one great lummokin' feller to hold the handle, and another to carry the whip, and a boy to lead, whose boots have more iron on 'em than the horses hoofs have, all crawlin' as if they was a goin' to a funeral. What sort of a way is that to do work? It makes me mad to look at 'em. If there is any airthly clumsy fashion of doin' a thing, that's the way they are always sure to git here. They are a benighted, obstinate, bull-headed people, the English, that's a fact, and always was."

Clippings.

ON HEARING A LADY PRAISE A REV. GENTLEMAN'S EYES.

I cannot praise the doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine:
For when he prays, he shuts *his eyes*—
And when *he preaches*, he shuts *mine*.

☞ When a man's conscience begins to get hard, it does it faster than anything in nature, it is, I may say, like the boiling of an egg; it is very clear at first, but as soon as it gets cloudy, one minute more and you may cut it with a knife.

☞ Miss Sallie Ward, late Mrs. J. Bigelow Lawrence, was married on the 1st inst. at the residence of her father, to Dr. Robert I. Hunt.

☞ A French naval officer of distinction lately returned from a cruise in the Pacific, brought with him as a present to his sister, the complete costume of an Indian princess, on one of the Society Islands. It consisted of a necklace!

☞ The New York Metropolis makes the following announcement: "We have the pleasure of announcing that we have secured a stout, healthy young man, who will take all the patent medicines advertised in this paper, and furnish certificates of any desired stringency, according to the price, to the proprietors."

☞ In the town of Groton, Mass., there are thirteen miles of telegraphs. Besides this, there are twenty-five miles of railway tracks; there being four railways that either terminate in the town, or run through it. On the above tracks, six passenger trains intersect with each other simultaneously three times a day—forming the greatest junction of railways *at the same station*, in the United States—if not in the world.

☞ Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, who recently visited the States, is, it is said, about to produce a history, or rather a sketch, of American writers.

☞ The Tredegar Iron Foundry at Richmond, is casting twenty cannon for the Secessionists of South Carolina, to be delivered before the sitting of the Convention next month.

☞ M. Gasparin has lately given some singular accounts of Germany. Among his statements are these: Public worship is disregarded. In Berlin, out of four hundred thousand souls, there are three hundred thousand who never attend any of the thirty-two churches. Dr. Tholuck declares, that a few months ago, at Halle in the principal service of the cathedral, there were present fourteen persons; in another church six, and in a third five! Next day he attended a sermon, of which he was the only auditor. The theatres are as full as the churches are empty.

☞ "Ah!" said old Mrs. Rosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it. Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year; and them's Spring, Fall and Autumn; I larnt the names of them when I was a leetle bit of a gal!"

☞ THE HILLOTYPE.—The Albany Argus states that Mr. Hill has just succeeded in obtaining the only color he wanted, yellow, and will soon begin to dispose of the right to use his discovery, on liberal terms.

☞ Rev. Henry W. Beecher, in his address at Amherst, said that metaphysicians were whetstones to sharpen dull intellects upon.

☞ There is a grocer up-town, who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by his hind legs, and look into the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

☞ BRICKLAYING.—A bet of $100 between two bricklayers, one from Cincinnati, and the other from Columbus, was decided at Columbus, Ohio, on the 17th. The Columbus man laid 2,300 brick in two and a half hours. In the same time the Cincinnatian (W. H. Lewis) laid 2,520.

☞ A man in the Ninth Ward, who was an habitual drunkard, said one day, after a spree of thirty days, when he happened to become sober, that he could not see for his life, how people lived that were sober all the time; for it nearly killed him to keep sober one day.

☞ Of the one hundred and sixteen victims sent prisoners to Spain, fifty-one are ascertained to be of the age of 22 years and under, down to the age of 16, and of the whole number only eighteen are above the age of 30 years.

☞ Old Roger's boarding house having failed, and the furniture being taken, to be sold, upon some process, as he called it, he asked one of the chambermaids, who always had been saucy to him, if she was to be sold with the *rest* of the furniture. She answered him "No!" as sharp as vinegar. "Oh," said he, coolly, buttoning up his coat, "I supposed you were, for the advertisement reads that the house is to be sold and all the *impertinences* thereto belonging." He very coolly laughed at the indignant look she gave him, and stepped out.

☞ The New Orleans *Picayune* notices the arrival of three cargoes of Brazil sugar, the first ever brought to that market.

☞ An English paper, noticing the challenge given by Mr. Hobbs, to pick his lock, says:—"Is there no public spirited burglar in London that will come forward for the honor of his country and a round sum of money."

☞ An illustrated edition of the poems of Thos. Buchanan Read is announced in England. The drawings are to be made by Kenny Meadows, and other eminent artists.

☞ Punch suggests that after all "Britannia Rules the Waves," for in the recent yacht races, the American clipper ran away from the British fleet.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office:

4 Copies,	- - -	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Evening Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER; OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

In our next paper we design commencing this new Novelet by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," &c. We owe an apology to our readers for the delay, but it has been unavoidable.

New subscribers who wish to begin with the first number of "The Children of the Isle," will please send on their names as soon as possible, as it is always a matter of some difficulty to regulate aright the quantity of extra numbers.

FLOGGING LITTLE GIRLS.

We find the following in a recent number of the Public Ledger:

PUNISHMENTS BY SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Judge Parsons, yesterday, delivered an opinion in a case recently argued before the Court of Quarter Sessions, on the authority possessed by school teachers to inflict corporal punishment on their scholars. The case was that of two female teachers, who were charged with cruel treatment in flogging a little girl with a "small, smooth rattan," for having played the truant, and refusing to come into the school when sent back by her parents. The Judge, on authorities which he considered to be well settled, decided that a school teacher stands in the same relation, for the time being, to a scholar, as a parent to a child, and that the teacher has the same discretionary power to punish by moderate and well meant chastisement.

The law, he said, would not interfere to restrain or punish a parent or teacher for correcting a scholar or child, unless it was clear that the punishment was inflicted with a malicious heart and evil intention. There could be no other rule on the subject; for the severity of punishment was altogether dependent upon the necessity of the case, and the opinion of those who gave or witnessed it. What some might consider severe, others might deem trivial, and what would be harsh, under some circumstances, would appear too mild under others. If the parent or teacher *acts with a view to correct a fault, or enforce obedience, and only for these purposes, Courts will not go into a consideration of the question how much chastisement was required to effect those objects in each particular case.* In the present case the teachers appeared to have acted clearly within the scope of their authority, and they were accordingly discharged.

If this be law, it only proves that a great deal passes for law which is only worthy of the "dark ages." We deny that a teacher has the same right to punish that the parent has. No parent understands it so when he sends his child to school. What! are parents who would scorn to touch the bodies of their little girls with a rattan as they would scorn a mean action, to be told that any teacher has a right to do that which they themselves would never think of doing?

This claim that teachers and parents are on an equality in this respect, is against the reason of things. For the right of punishment, almost without limitation, may, as a general thing, safely be entrusted to parents, because their exercise of it will be restrained by the natural affection they feel for the child. But teachers have no such natural affection, and therefore they should always be held to a strict responsibility for whatever corporal punishments they inflict.

But Judge Parsons says, if we understand him, that the law will not even inquire into the alleged cruelty of punishment—"unless it is clear that the punishment was inflicted with a malicious heart and evil intention." As if excessive punishment were not of itself a proof that the gratification of passion, and not the good of the child, was the object sought to be gained.

If this be law, which we very much doubt, it is time that new decisions made new law. It is time that the whipping of little girls with rattans should no longer be allowed in our public schools. In our opinion, teachers that are always appealing to the "knock-down argument" have mistaken their sphere, and the sooner they are made to see this the better. That corporal punishment with a rattan (if needed in any case) is needed in the management of little girls, is false, utterly false. If teachers cannot manage their little pupils without it, let them dismiss them from the school, until they grow larger—but do not beat them. The corrective for the wilfulness of little girls is kindness and gentleness, not the rattan or the cowhide.

THE LAW OF TREASON.

In his charge to the Jury in reference to the indictments for treason in the Christiana case (see "General News"), Judge Kane, of the U. S. District Court, took the ground that the expression "levying war" in the Constitution, "embraces not merely the act of formal or declared war, but any combination forcibly to prevent or oppose the execution or enforcement of a provision of the Constitution or of a public Statute, if accompanied or followed by an act of forcible opposition in pursuance of such combination.—This (he says) in substance has been the interpretation given to these words by the English judges, and it has been uniformly and fully recognized and adopted in the Courts of the United States. The definition includes two particulars, both of them indispensable elements of the offence. There must have been a combination or conspiring together to oppose the law by force, and some actual force must have been exerted, or the crime of treason is not consummated."

Judge Kane also said that although it is provided in the Constitution, that "no person shall be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open Court," he did not consider this referred to the preliminary hearing before the committing magistrate, or the proceedings before the Grand Inquest.

KOSSUTH.

We announced in a Postscript to a portion of our last week's edition, that Kossuth and his friends had embarked on board the Mississippi, which sailed from the Dardanelles on the 7th ult., for the port of New York. Our New York friends are already stirring in the preparations for their reception. We trust it will be worthy of the illustrious patriot, of the cause of Liberty, and of the greatest Republic upon the earth.

ATTEMPTED REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.—The District which certain parties are now attempting to revolutionize in Mexico, is said to embrace three States—all bordering on the Rio Grande, and extends over a tract of land three times as large as New York, and containing a population of 450,000 souls. Such a district will not very easily be revolutionized against the consent of its inhabitants.

FANNY FORRESTER RETURNED.—Mrs. Dr. Judson and children arrived in Boston by the Canada, with health much improved by their voyage from India.

BLOOMER PROMENADE.

The scene of Bloomerism received last week a great shock in this city. A grand Bloomer concert promenade was announced, at the [illegible], and large numbers of gentlemen, and a few ladies, flocked to see the sight. [illegible] Bloomers. The short skirt, on the score of beauty, is not to be compared to the long. The former splits up the female figure into parts, and makes it look somewhat grotesque and often dumpy. Whatever claims can be justly urged in its favor, must evidently be placed on the score of convenience and utility. The short dress is angular and exceedingly prosaic—the long skirt, [illegible] graceful, flowing, mysterious and poetical. The latter must always remain the garb for the drawing room and the pleasant promenade,—and, if the Bloomers come into general use at all, they must be restricted to working places, the kitchen, the chamber, and the garden—and to walks through the mud and rain, and on long pedestrian excursions. A "vermilion edict"—as the Chinese say.

The managers of the above concert are supposed to have pocketed over five hundred dollars by their speculation in public curiosity. Carrying out the idea, a "Bloomer Ball" is announced for the evening of the 15th. But, unless the public are well satisfied that there is to be something really worth seeing at this second Bloomer speculation, the originators will not coin a mint of money. We see it stated that the young *ladies* of Pendleton District, (S. C.) are about to organize themselves into a mounted corps "in defence of South Carolina," and for mortal war upon the rest of the United States. They are to be furnished with "light carbines" by the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the new republic. Whether these ladies intend to don Bloomers for the campaign, we do not know. We should advise them, if they make a foray into this part of the country, to trust to the light artillery of their eyes, rather than to the "carbines" which they are to carry. In the former case, each might place a dozen Northern men through the heart, and carry a captive home in triumph—but with the "carbines" they would probably shoot each other, instead of the foe. Ah, fair ladies, if you know the secret of your power, abandon not your true weapons of smiles and killing glances and melting words, for such ugly things as swords and "villainous saltpetre."

A NUT FOR VEGETARIANS.

In one of the accounts of the recent Arctic expedition, we find the following paragraph:

As an illustration of how easily life may be sustained in those latitudes, Surgeon Kane mentions that he fell in with a Dane, over seventy years of age, who had spent fifty-five years of his life North of 73 deg., subsisting during that period entirely on birds, fish, bears, and other animal food. He had not seen a vegetable the whole time.

Such a fact as the above is an answer to a good many long addresses and thick volumes inculcating the theory that "man *should* live upon bread alone." Facts prove that man is formed to subsist upon both animal and vegetable food—and that he naturally craves a greater proportion of animal food as he approaches the colder regions of the earth.

In fact the distinction attempted to be drawn between animal and vegetable matter is not, we think, near so great as many of our vegetarian friends allege. "All flesh is grass," we may say perhaps, almost as much in a scientific, as in a scriptural point of view. You feed a cow upon grass and water, and they become milk and beef—the pleasantest forms in which grass can be eaten, in our opinion, whatever our vegetarian friends may think.

But theory is worth but little in determining what kind of food is best either for any man in particular, or for men in general. No theory would enable us to determine before experiment, that apples will make some men sick—though after we have ascertained the fact, theories to account for it can be found as plenty as blackberries.

If men had never tasted arsenic, they could not tell by all the scientific examination in the world, that arsenic would kill him who ate it, unless they judged so from analogy by its effects upon the animal creation.

Therefore this matter of food is a matter of experiment and of fact, not of science and theory. Some help doubtless may be derived from the latter, but our main reliance must be experiment. And the experience of mankind is shown by the practice of mankind. The subject of proper food has been agitated in all ages of the world, and the experience of all ages has been in favor of an admixture of animal and vegetable substances,—to be proportioned with regard to the habits of life, the temperature of the climate, and the ability to procure one easier than the other.

AN APT TEXT.

In the Spring of 1847, one of Dupont's Powder Mills, on the Brandywine, exploded, killing eighteen men, most of whom were Roman Catholics. The mangled remains were gathered as carefully as possible, deposited in coffins in fragments, and placed in front of the Church altar or chancel, preparatory to a suitable religious service.

At the appointed time the house was excessively crowded; and there was the stillness of death when the priest impressively announced as his text, these words in Luke xiii. 4: "Or those *eighteen* upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay!"

We may readily follow the commentary on a text so appropriate to the occasion. It is, indeed, as clear as was the text of the clergyman who preached before King James I. of England, who was VI. of Scotland. Fixing his eye on the fickle-minded monarch, the preacher announced *James First and Sixth* as his text—namely, Epistle of James, chapter 1st, verse 6: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed."

The clergyman having read the text, "He is at me already," said the King.

A NEW THING.

Solomon declared that there was "no new thing under the sun." We have not the least inclination to doubt his observation, or question his wisdom—yet we have thought of a way by which some dispute might be generated in relation to his statement above quoted.

In this day of newspaper enterprise and activity, every item is eagerly seized by the reporters for the press, and almost every day we have part of a column, in print, of the sad and wicked doings of frail humanity.

We propose, as an experiment, that the reporters aforesaid should, for one week, furnish the public a list of the kindly offices and good deeds which come to their knowledge. We do not ask them to pry into households, and note the everyday charities of life; but would merely beseech them to record such generosities and works of good will as naturally make their way into circles of conversation.

Surely we have had enough of the dark side of the picture: let us now have a reasonable view of its bright side.

ILL JUDGED.

Several of our contemporaries who profess to be in favor of "law and order," and opposed to duelling, are giving among their news items a paragraph noticing a difficulty between General Belknap and a Mr. John K. Smith, with the heading, "A GENERAL WHIPPED." Do they not know that the fear of just such sneers on the part of the press, is what drives so many men into the avenging of a hasty blow by the knife or the pistol? The account says that Gen. Belknap when struck made no resistance, but called on those standing by to take Smith away. There is nothing in the paragraph we have seen, to prove that Gen. Belknap was actuated by aught than magnanimous forbearance. Surely it requires more moral courage and greatness not to return, than to return a foolish and hasty blow.

CRITTENDEN'S COMMAND.—The "Washington Republic" asserts, in reference to the sanguinary and unnecessary execution of Crittenden's command at Havana, "that the prisoners were tried and condemned in the due form of Spanish law, and that a copy of the complete record of the trial is now in the hands of an official gentleman in the city of Washington." This settles a question upon which many still continue to express a doubt.

THE DOLLAR MARK.—A correspondent, "J. S. K.," denies the assertion of the Boston Courier that the dollar mark $ stands for "peso," the Spanish word for dollar. He says: "It is a monogram of U. S. for the American words *United States*, and employed to distinguish our Republican currency."

This evidently is the most patriotic view of the matter, whichever may be the true one.

PHILADELPHIA AS IT IS.—This is the title of a new work, descriptive of Philadelphia—its public buildings, history, scientific and benevolent institutions, &c.—now in process of publication by Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, of this city.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

On the coal land of Henry Carey, St. Clair, Schuylkill County, Pa., a [illegible] shaft is [illegible], under the superintendence of E. W. [illegible], of Pottsville, for the purpose of testing a certain theory of his in relation to a vein of white ash coal.

[illegible]

They had risen about twenty feet, and lo! the [illegible] further! This was an emergency not provided for. A few seconds more, and the man would be projected from the mouth of the well, as from a huge cannon.

With wonderful courage and presence of mind, Mr. Fox slid out of the basket—jumped down twenty feet, breaking his leg in the fall, and pitched out the stump of the fuse with his fingers. An instant more, and it would have been too late.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

Certain capitalists in New York being apprehensive that the Annihilator would diminish the value of their insurance stocks, a writer interested in insurance stock has replied to them that he thinks that although it will inevitably reduce the rates of insurance, it will in proportion increase the business, and also greatly lessen the amount of losses from fires.

NEW YORK BANKS.—At the time we go to press, the flurry about the New York banks has nearly subsided. The panic appears to have been caused by the brokers, because the New York City banks would not increase their discounts to them. As the circulation of the Free Banks in New York State is mostly secured by deposits of State and United States Stock, holders of their notes felt sufficient confidence to induce them to hold on to them. The Metropolitan Bank—the Regulator—kept on steadily receiving the notes of all the country banks at a small discount, and forwarding them to Albany for redemption in specie. Only the notes of banks which failed to redeem claims upon them when presented, were refused by the Metropolitan. The securities even in these cases, are said to be ample to redeem their circulation.

GOLD.—The reader will observe that about two millions of gold dust was brought by the last arrival from California. If California will only keep on pouring in the gold at that rate, we shall have better times soon.

Our Correspondents

MY DAUGHTER'S DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Look up, look up, and weep not so,
Thy darling is not dead;
Her sinless soul has entered now
Yon sky's empurpled bed;
Her spirit drinks new life and light,
'Mid flowers of endless bloom;
It is but perishable stuff
That moulders in the tomb.

A. A. Watts.

"*She is gone!*" I exclaimed, with a sigh, as I turned from the couch where my only little girl had just breathed her last, after many hours of extreme suffering,—*she is gone!* and surely a father may weep over such a scene. Nay, everything connected with the occurrence seems to claim a tear. Can the little engaging actions, the charming talk, the attractive and playful manners which a few days ago attracted, and, to a great degree, absorbed attention, be forgotten without a tear? and must not the agonies of dissolution, the final triumph of the last enemy, compel me to weep? The blessed Jesus Himself wept over the removal of Lazarus; and if He grieved over the loss of a friend, He will not be angry if I weep over the remains of my child, lovely even now.

"*She is gone!*" and why was she thus taken away? How often had I clasped her to my heart as an object of the fondest affection; how did I seem to feel her identified with myself; how bright and beautiful the picture I drew of her future loveliness, and her affectionate care of her parents, should we be spared till old age; and how often have I in effect said, "This same shall comfort us concerning the work and toil of our hands," and at the last, with the tears of love, shall close our eyes in death? But every fond hope has been disappointed. Oh, sin, what mischief hast thou effected! How awful and how extensive are thy triumphs! Thou hast

"Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

Misery everywhere exists, and our dearest hopes are mingled with the dust, while the sorrows which accompany even our sweetest joys, loudly proclaim the fact that our sins against the Creator of the universe have brought down upon us His displeasure. May we increasingly hate the rebellion against God, which has proved the source of so many and such aggravated evils.

"*She is gone!*" But it is a blessed thought, full of the richest comfort, that her removal was directed by infinite wisdom and love. My feelings will not, at present, allow of restraint, but my judgment says, "all is well." I can look through my tears, and see that He who created all things, condescends to act towards me as a Father, to regulate all my personal and domestic affairs, and to send me no more sorrows than shall accord with His glory and my real good. He knows the severity of my grief, and does not, without sufficient reason, allow it to exist. Most assuredly some good and important object is to be accomplished by the removal of this lovely babe. Did her fond parents love her too much, and her Giver too little? Did Infinite Wisdom see that the temptations or the sorrows she might hereafter meet with would be more than she could sustain? Or was His love to her so great, that He would take her from earth as soon as she had begun to taste its sorrows, and introduce her at once to the infinite and eternal pleasures of His right hand? Gracious Father, I would entirely acquiesce in Thy arrangements, for Thou doest "all things well!"

"Yes, *She is gone!*" I dare not, however, indulge a doubt, that although she has for ever closed her eyes on earth, she has passed into heaven, to gaze on the uncreated glories of Deity throughout eternity. There is every thing in the character of Jehovah, every thing in the conduct He has pursued, every thing in the doctrines and promises of His word to fill the mind on this subject with the most delightful confidence, and to convert grief into joy. No, I cannot doubt, when I see David comforted under a similar trial; when I remember the efficacy of the Saviour's blood to remove the curse due to the sin of our nature: and when I take into the account that the sentence of eternal punishment only proceeds on evil works actually done by each individual;—I cannot doubt, when I think of the millions saved out of every nation, many of whom never heard the gospel; when the sacred volume itself describes infants as blessed by the Saviour of the world, who declares that "of such is the kingdom of heaven!" Who can think of these things and doubt of the salvation of infants?

"*She is gone!*" I witnessed her last look on earth, and saw her departure from a world of sin and woe; I bedewed her cheek, lovely even in death, with my tears, and felt the string which bound her to my heart snap asunder; but I bowed, I trust, with humble submission to the will of Heaven, and said—"Father, not my will, but Thine be done." May I henceforth consider my choicest blessings as only lent, and improve them to the glory of their Giver. May I transfer the warm affection I have hitherto felt for my child to an object infinitely dearer; and may I consider this afflictive dispensation as kindly placing another attraction in the heavenly world, to induce me to quicken my progress in the path which leads to its enjoyment. B.

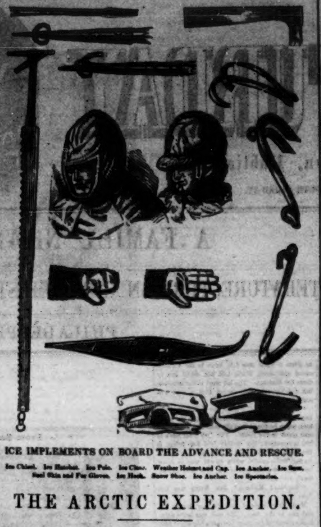
BREADSTUFFS.—It is stated on the authority of official tables, that from 1847 (the famine year) to 1850, the export of breadstuffs to Europe has steadily declined—there being ten millions of dollars less exported in 1850 than in 1849.

☞ Fictions are revelations, not of truth, for they are most unreal, but of that which the soul longs to be true; they are mirrors, not of actual human experience, but of human dreams and aspirations, of the eternal desire of the heart.

☞ DETRACTION.—It is amusing to witness the constant desire that prevails among common mortals, to rob those who have raised themselves into notice by any peculiar and useful discovery, or by a proper use of the gift of genius bequeathed to them by the Creator.

☞ A little child, eight years of age, came to me a few days ago, and with a charmingly innocent, yet complaining look, (a look altogether *childish*—you have seen such, I'll be convinced,) said, in most earnest tones,—"It isn't fair at all; my school teacher says I ought always to say, 'yes, ma'am,' to her, but she never says 'yes, ma'am,' to me."

☞ The accounts of the general extension of the potato rot are confirmed, as also of the grape rot in France and Italy; in England the same rot, or rather blight, prevails among the grape vines.



ICE IMPLEMENTS ON BOARD THE ADVANCE AND RESCUE.

Ice Chisel. Ice Hatchet. Ice Pole. Ice Claw. Weather Helmet and Cap. Ice Anchor. Ice Saw. Seal Skin and Fur Gloves. Ice Hook. Snow Shoe. Ice Anchor. Ice Spectacles.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The Advance and Rescue—the vessels composing the American Expedition in search for Sir John Franklin, fitted out by the munificence of Mr. Henry Grinnell, at an expense of $30,000—have arrived at New York. We gather the following interesting particulars of the voyage from the papers of that city.

Sir John Franklin, if alive, will soon enter upon his *seventh* winter in the Polar Seas. The generous-hearted officers who went out in the Advance still entertain hopes of the safety of the missing vessels, and trust that the beneficent exertions still in progress for their safety may be crowned with success. We have learned from them, that there is abundant material, in food (whales, seals, bears, &c.,) and fuel, in the region in which Sir John Franklin is supposed to be, for the sustenance of his party. It is found in the game which migrate to the Arctic seas, and in the seal and other marine mammals found there, the latter furnishing both food and fuel.

It is the opinion of Mr. Grinnell and the officers of the expedition, that a steam propeller is the only vessel which can now be used with practicability in a further prosecution of the search. With a vessel of this description, it is supposed as much progress could be made in a month as in six months with an ordinary sailing vessel, and probably with a much more satisfactory result than any that has yet been obtained.

The officers concur in stating that the winter of those regions exceeds any cold within our conception, and they were astonished to find that the steam generated from their bodies and from cooking became condensed into water on their bedding, and froze it together so that it could not easily be separated. The extensive waste of waters between the coasts of Greenland and America became cemented together by ice, and all the region, including Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and the Straits of Belle Isle became choked up, and but for the Gulf Stream, it would bolt in Newfoundland. The following account from the *New York Tribune* presents one of the best accounts of the Expedition:—

The "Advance," Captain De Haven, has arrived, in the order her name bespeaks, from a voyage undertaken in philanthropy, full of peril, full of incident, and successful in everything but the great object of her search. The first grand cause for triumph is, that all her hardship, enterprise and danger have not cost the sacrifice of a single life. How eminently this blessing is owing to a protecting and ever watchful Providence, will be apparent from a simple narrative of the incidents that befel the Expedition, and the peculiar trials by which the Advance was tested, in those hitherto unknown and untravelled seas. Truly God was on the waters, shaping the destiny of this great mission of Charity, even though fated not to discover the long-lost wanderer. But let us begin our narrative:

The American Expedition entered Wellington's Sound on the 25th of August, 1850, where they met Captain Penny with the Lady Franklin and Sophia, and were afterwards joined by Sir John Ross and Commodore Austin. On the 27th, Captain Penny discovered unmistakable evidence of Franklin's first winter quarters—three graves with inscriptions on wooden headboards, dating as late as April, 1846. Their inmates, according to these inscriptions, were of his crew—two from the Erebus and one from the Terror.—There were besides fragments of torn canvass, articles of clothing, wood and cordage, undoubted evidence of a large and long encampment; but affording no indications which would serve as guides to the searchers, or give assurance to hope.

On the 8th of September the Expedition forced through the ice to Barlow's Inlet, where they narrowly escaped being locked in the ice. But they so far succeeded, and on the 11th reached Griffith's Island, the ultimate limit of their Western progress. From this they set sail on the 13th, with the intention of returning to the United States, but were locked in, near the mouth of Wellington's Channel. Here commenced those perilous adventures, anything comparable to which, were never encountered and survived. By force of the Northern ice-drift they were helplessly drifted to 75 degrees 25 minutes North latitude, and thence drifted again into Lancaster Sound, somewhat, we should say, in a South-Easterly direction. The agitation of the ice elevated the "Advance" nearly seven feet by the stern and keeled her 3 feet 8 inches starboard. In this position she remained, with some slight changes, for five consecutive months. And while in it the depth of winter closed its frozen terrors around the Expedition. The polar night fell upon them, and for eighty days no ray of solar light broke upon them.—The thermometer (Fahrenheit) ranged 40 degrees below zero, and sometimes sank to 46. Early in this awful night (November 5th) the Rescue was abandoned, for the purpose of economizing the fuel, and the crews of both vessels determined to brave their fate together. They every moment expected the embracing ice would crush the vessel to atoms, and consequently stood prepared, sleeping in their clothes with knapsacks on their backs, to try chances on the ice, amid storm, and terror, and night. For this terrible trial they had made every preparation, and provision sledged and everything in readiness which might be useful for such a journey. They were then ninety miles from land, and so certainly did they expect that they should make this alarming trial, that on two occasions (8th December and 23d January) the boats were actually lowered and the crews assembled on the ice to await the catastrophe.

During this period the scurvy became epidemic, and assumed an alarming character. Its progress defied all the usual remedies, and only three men escaped the attack. Capt. De Haven was himself the greatest sufferer. The constant use of fresh water, obtained from melted ice, active, mental and physical exertion, and the care of Divine Providence, arrested any fatal result; and the disease yielded to a beverage composed of a sort of apple tea and lemon juice. After entering Baffin's Bay, Jan. 15, the ice became fixed, and the little expedition became stationary and fast in the midst of a vast plain of ice, 90 miles from any land. The stores, materials and cordage was stowed away in snow-houses erected on the ice, and a sort of encampment was formed, with all the appearance, if not the solidity, of terra firma. The tables of ice varied from three to eight feet in thickness.

Nor was this situation of peril and care without its attractions. Aurora Borealis—(mock suns) and mock moons, of the most vivid lustre, succeeded one another without intermission, and as day approached, the twilight, streaking the northern horizon, were vividly beautiful. At length the God of Day showed his golden face, (18th Feb.,) and was hailed with three hearty American cheers. Gradually his influence was felt, and the waxen-like color of the complexion, which the long night had superinduced, gave place to freckles and tan. The disease, too, quickly disappeared.

On the 13th of May, the Rescue was re-occupied.

The disruption of the ice was sudden and appalling. In twenty minutes from its first moving the vast field, as far as the eye could reach, became one mass of moving floes, and the expedition once more drifted Southward. By a continued Providential assistance, it passed the perils of Lancaster Sound and Baffin's Bay, and on the 10th of June emerged into open water, lat. 65 deg. 30 min. N., a little south of the Arctic circle, being thus released from an imprisonment of nearly nine months, during which they helplessly drifted 1,060 miles. While in Lancaster Sound, the roar of the rolling water and tumbling ice exceeded all earthly sounds, and was sometimes so loud and stunning as to render both voice and hearing useless.

Capt. De Haven's first care on his escape was to repair damages and restore the health and vigor of the crews. With that object he visited Greenland, where he refitted. After a short delay, with unabated courage and unflinching purpose, he once more bore northward. On the 7th of July, the expedition spoke some whalers, and on the 9th passed the whaling fleet by the Duck Islands, there arrested by the ice. By the 11th, the expedition reached Baffin's Island, and entered through vast masses of loose ice. Here the Prince Albert joined. They continued in company till Aug. 24, warping through the ice, when the Prince determined to try the southern passage. De Haven persevered in his course until the 8th, when he became completely entangled in floes and bergs. Here again the expedition encountered perils of the most alarming kind. The floating ice broke in the bulwarks, and covered the deck in broken masses like rocks tumbled pell mell by a mountain torrent. The more than iron endurance of the gallant ships was severely tested by the crush of the closing ice, but they rose to the pressure as if defying the elemental strife, baffled its fury, and somewhat disabled, still without a plank yielding in any vital part, rode safely in an open road on the 13th day of August.

Here, finding the north and west already closed against them, the American expedition set their sails and bore homeward, after having dared and suffered, and overcome difficulties and dangers such as scarcely, if ever, beset the path of the mariner.

It is supposed the English expedition wintered at or near Port [illegible], and thence prosecuted their voyage westward. The American expedition, therefore, was in a position more favorable to the search. It was in a far higher latitude, and the so called *polyna* (open sea) could not have been far distant, but the inevitable drift into the waters of Lancaster Sound was fatal to the spring progress, and fatal to the chances which its enterprise had won.

The officers and crew of the other vessels of the expedition were all in good health and spirits up to the 13th Sep., 1850.

The Advance parted with her consort in a heavy gale off the Banks. The latter is expected momentarily. The Advance brings several fragments from the encampment of Sir John Franklin, a pair of the Esquimaux dogs, and some articles of curiosity.

Thus ends this noble expedition, without discovering any satisfactory index to the fate of Sir John Franklin; but at the same time, without any evidence to conclude further hope. Sir John might have won the point which the Advance was baffled of by the fatal drift into Lancaster Sound. If so, and it is not impossible, there is no reason to doubt the possibility of himself and crew surviving those regions where nature has adapted the resources of life to the rigors of the climate.

The gratification of officers and crew on once more reaching their native land is in no small degree enhanced by the recollection that in no scene, no matter how trying, was their trust in and mutual love for each other interrupted; and Capt. De Haven retains the most lively recollection of the gallant, unflinching conduct of officers and crew.

The Journal of Commerce, in its account, says:—

The disruption of the ice was accompanied with a noise, described by the officers as resembling a locomotive whistle; and a singular and constant pulsation of the ice, accompanied with that noise, was constantly occurring.

The drift was frequently at the rate of ten miles per hour, and occasionally the vessel would be carried near to bold and rocky promontories, from which there was much danger. Frequently when the vessel was in peril, every knapsack was filled with food, with which to retreat upon the ice, in case of the destruction of the vessels. During the eighty-one days of this hazardous time the sun did not rise, and there was total darkness, except at mid-day, when, for a few moments, a paper could be read if held up towards the faint light that proceeded from the South. In February of this year they were blessed with a return of daylight, which enabled their sick to take exercise upon the ice. It was then ascertained that they were ninety miles from land, and that the ice in which the vessels lay imbedded appeared to be stationary, although from astronomical observations its motion was known. On the 10th of June, by a severe explosion of the ice, the vessels were liberated, and they were once again sailing cheerfully upon the waters. Sea-sickness, however,—so long had they been free from motion—soon generally prevailed.

The New York News gives the following account from an officer of the American Arctic Expedition, of the boats used in that region:

"Kyaks" are a kind of boat used by this people, and are, certainly, very curious affairs, four of which were brought in the Advance. They are made by stretching seal-skins over a light frame-work of wood, shaped very much like a flattened cigar, both ends being very sharp, with a hole in the top about 14 inches in diameter.—The whole length of a boat is about 12 feet, by 14 inches in width, and 8 inches deep at the centre. The boatman slides his legs and hips through the aperture in the top of the boat, extending his legs lengthways, while from his hips up are outside. This part of the body is covered with a seal skin, made the same as a "Jumper," and lashed with drawing-strings at the bottom, to a rim round the aperture in the boat. The boatman propels his craft with a double-bladed paddle, about seven feet in length, made of light wood, and slightly made; the main part but about 1½ or 2 inches in diameter, and the blades four inches wide, and ornamented with ivory.—With this he moves his boat through the water at a very rapid rate. By a dexterous movement with his oar, an expert boatman will completely turn his boat over, and come up on the opposite side, still retaining his accustomed situation.

In this fragile vessel he pursues his avocation of spearing seals in the roughest weather, for which purpose he has a barbed spear several inches long, made of steel, and very sharp, which is attached to an ivory point about eight inches in length, and two and-a-half inches in diameter, to the steel is attached a line, forty feet in length, made of the hide of the Walrus, and this is fastened to a bladder made of the skin of a seal, and filled with air, lying on the after part of the boat. When the spear enters the seal, it is arranged so that it disengages itself from the ivory point, by the point slipping at the same instant from the staff, but is attached by a string and floats with it, while at the same time the bladder to which the line is attached is thrown overboard, preventing the seal from sinking any farther than the length of the line; the staff and seal are then recovered at leisure. For killing water-fowl, of which there are but few, a sharp, round spear is used, attached to a staff seven feet in length. These spears are thrown with astonishing accuracy, rarely, if ever, missing their mark. Another manner, and the easiest, by far, of spearing the seal, is by doing it through a hole in the ice, where they come up to breathe; they will frequently scratch holes through the ice, from the under side, where it is several feet thick, to get fresh air; the natives are accustomed to the noise made by the scratching, and will hear them a long distance and watch for them, and as soon as they make their appearance they are at once killed and secured.

Lady Franklin has written a letter to Mr. Grinnell, of New York, which shows that she still cherishes strong hopes of the safety of her husband. A true wife is she, God bless her! In the event of the failure of her petition to the English Admiralty for another Expedition, she intends to make an appeal for means to the citizens of the United States.

☞ Barnum being asked one day the secret of his success, (says a correspondent of the New York Express,) simply laughed, and said: "Printers' ink."

☞ Eugene Sue is engaged on a new novel, which he calls Miss Mary. It is said that, by way of change, he means to make it quite decent.

☞ Mr. Thackeray is writing a novel in three volumes, to be published in the Winter. The scene is in England, in the early part of the eighteenth century, and Bolingbroke, Swift, Pope and Steele, figure among the personages.

☞ A calculation has been made by some curious person who has nothing better to do, that if every article in the Crystal Palace were to be examined for three minutes, it would occupy twenty-six years to examine all.

☞ The electric telegraph is to be established throughout Turkey.

New Publications.

NEW WORKS.

The following new works are upon our table:

[illegible] By John J. [illegible]. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

[illegible] By the author of [illegible], "The Letter Bag," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

[illegible] OF EUROPE AND AMERICA. Two volumes. By a Traveller. Illustrated with engravings. Published by G. G. Henderson & Co., 164 Chesnut street, Phila.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. This magazine for October opens with J. S. C. Abbott's interesting history of Napoleon, illustrated with excellent engravings. It also contains the usual large assortment of choice selections from current English literature, an Editor's table, engravings from Punch, &c.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE. The number for this month is a very fair one. For sale by T. B. Peterson, agent, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY. Published by the New York State Lunatic Asylum, Utica. The second number of the 8th volume of this periodical, contains articles on the "Training of Idiots," "Melancholia," &c.

[illegible] FOREIGN [illegible], for September, contains a number of articles upon the new views.

MY GALLANT BARK. A song, by Thomas J. Diehl. Published by Lee & Walker, 162 Chesnut St., Phila. Price 25 cts.

CASE OF ROBERT MAYS VERSUS THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY. Submitted to the Stockholders of the Company, by order of the Board of Directors. Interesting reading for those who like the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

THE MENTOR. The October number of this Magazine for Youth is upon our table. Published by [illegible], Phila.

PHILADELPHIA ART UNION, for October. Opening this pamphlet, the first paragraph our eye fell upon was the following:—

A naked statue exhibits Humanity when it was divine, just coming forth from the infinite skill of the Almighty Creator. A sculptured human form, arrayed in modern garments, represents the wisdom, goodness and power of the Infinite, as improved upon by the tailors!

Why, then, is not the Sandwich Island female dress—a necklace of shells—the most beautiful and appropriate female costume? Answer this, Mr. Artist.

THE GAME COOK OF THE WILDERNESS; or, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DAN MARBLE. By Falconbridge. Published by Dewitt & Davenport, New York. Dan Marble was, we believe, a Western humorist and actor. The present volume contains a record of his sayings and doings, and is illustrated with engravings.

Miscellaneous.

BALLAD OF THE CANAL.

BY THE MUSE.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul had room to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And the banks were very steep.

'Tis a fearful thing when sleeping
To be startled by the shock,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder "coming to a lock!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest berth was shook,
While the wooden gates were opened,
And the mate talked with the cook.

As thus we lay in darkness,
Each one wishing we were there,
"We are through!" the captain shouted,
And he sat down on a chair.

And his little daughter whispered,
Thinking that he ought to know,
"Isn't travelling by canal boats
Just as safe as it is slow?"

Then he kissed the little maiden,
And with better cheer we spoke,
And we trotted into Pittsburg
When the morn looked thro' the smoke.

N. Y. Tribune.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.—It is difficult for an American to conceive of the thousand petty annoyances and perplexities, not to mention greater evils, which a censorship of the press must create, wherever this atrocious engine of despotism is established. The following incident, which lately occurred at Venice, where the censorship of the press is very arbitrary, will give a slight inkling of the way it operates:

A teacher, preparing a class book for his pupils, was very desirous of introducing the great sentiment of *Alcæus*, so beautifully represented by Sir William Jones. The censors corrected it by erasing out fifteen lines of the twenty, so that when published it stood thus:

What constitutes a State?
[here seven lines omitted]
Men, high-minded men—
[three lines omitted]
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.
[two lines omitted]
These constitute a State.
[three last lines omitted]

The wonder is, that they permitted such a piece to be published, even in a mutilated form. The same author prepared a liberal article on the growth and prospects of the United States, which experienced a similar fate.

Clippings.

What is mind? No matter.
What is matter? Never mind.

☞ For some complaints, a little good luck is the best medicine in the world. Low spirits take their rise not so often from a bursting heart as from a collapsed pocket-book. We once knew a man to be saved from suicide by just raising his wages a shilling a day.

☞ It is recorded as a musical fact, that every orchestra contains two "musicianers" with moustaches, one with spectacles, two with bald heads, and lastly, a very modest man with a white cravat, and that he, from the force of circumstances, always plays upon a brass instrument.

☞ If falsehood had, like truth, but one face only, we should then take the contrary to that the liar says for certain truth; but the reverse of truth hath a hundred figures and a field indefinite without bound or limit.—*Montaigne.*

☞ Brooks says that women always want something to lean upon. Like a grape vine, they are nothing without a support. What a stick is to sweet peas, so is the masculine gender to the female human.

☞ Humility is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; without it, the most splendid natural and acquired acquisitions lose half their charm.

☞ A phrenologist's studio is now called a scullery.

☞ It is not polite for a gentleman (?) to shout out "How d'ye do!" from the top of an omnibus to a lady on the sidewalk, whom he has only met once at a dance the night before.

☞ DUELLING IN PRUSSIA.—In Berlin, the Government is making an effort to place duelling out of fashion, and lately compelled the survivor in an affair of honor to be present at the *post mortem* examination of his victim and watch the proceedings.

☞ It is now supposed that the poetry of the Scottish Burns has some points in common with that of the Scandinavian Scalds.

☞ Mrs. C. H. Dexter, dressed as a Bloomer, delivered a lecture on Bloomerism, on the evening of the 15th ultimo, at the Literary Institution, in Fitzroy Square, London, before an immense audience. The lady was about 35 years of age.

☞ The Austrians are not the only robbers in Italy. As might have been expected from the dismal condition of the country, the number of brigands has greatly increased. One called the [illegible] has made himself notorious in North Italy; he is called the lion of Piedmont.

☞ The potato rot is prevailing extensively in both Kentucky and Illinois.

☞ How many young ladies are there who would be mortified to the last degree, if a frill or a collar, or other parts of their dress were displaced, but who, on being detected in ignorance, even of the history of their own country, would own it without a blush.

☞ Carlyle's new book, a Memoir of the late John Sterling, is in press, and will shortly be published.

☞ Sweden and Switzerland are the only European powers not owing a national debt.

☞ DR. PUSEY.—The London Standard says: "A conversion to Puseyism that astonishes much more than the conversion of the Duke of Norfolk, is to be announced: the conversion of Dr. Pusey!"

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Oct. 4, 1851.

REMARKS.—There has been but a moderate amount of business done during the past week. Coffee has been in moderate request and with a reduced stock prices are fully sustained. The supplies of all descriptions of Breadstuffs have been small, [illegible], and for Flour a slight improvement has been realized. Groceries are in limited request, without change in prices. The stock of all kinds of Provisions is much reduced, and prices are firm. The apathy and inactivity which pervaded the stock market still continues, and prices are drooping, although at the close there is a somewhat better feeling manifested. There is an active inquiry for Money, but the out-of-door rates remain without change. Exchange on England is steady at 110a110¼.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been some better export demand for Flour during the past week, and the supplies being small, holders have been enabled to realize an advance of 12½c per barrel; sales of 4,000 bbls fresh ground, standard and fair brands, part Brandywine, for shipment at $4,06¼a4,12½, closing firm at the latter rate. Moderate sales for the supply of the city dealers and bakers at $4,12½a4,25 for common and good brands, and $4,37½a4,75 for extra. Rye Flour is held at $3,25, with sales of 300 bbls. Corn Meal is scarce, and held firmly; sales of 3,000 bbls at $3 per bbl, including Brandywine at $3,12½.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 2d inst., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	10,403
do.	half bbls	17
Rye Flour,	bbls	14
Corn Meal,	bbls	1,346
do.	hhds	75

GRAIN.—The supplies of Wheat since our last report have been moderate. The demand has been limited, but prices are unchanged; sales of 20,000 bushels good and prime new red at 80a83 cts, and white at 84a88c, including some inferior and heated at 75a78c, afloat. Rye is in demand and has advanced; sales of 1,500 bushels Southern at 63 cts. Corn is dull; sales 28,000 bushels yellow at 62a63½c, and heated at 58a60c. Oats come in slowly, and are in good demand; sales of 6,000 bushels Southern at 34a35c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—The stock of Pork is very small. Sales of Mess in lots at $16,50, and Prime at $13,25a13,50 per bbl. Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores. Bacon—The stock is exceedingly light, and prices firm. Sales of Hams in lots at 9a11½c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides 11, and Shoulders 9¼a9½ cts per lb. Lard is firm; small sales at 9½a9¾ cts in bbls, and 10a11 cts per lb in kegs. In Butter and Cheese, no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—There is a moderate business doing among the Job houses for the supply of the Ohio and near trade, and prices are steady. Cotton Goods are held with more firmness.

BARK.—Is scarce and wanted; sales of 80 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $35 per ton. No sales of Tanners' Bark reported this week.

BEESWAX.—Is wanted, and good Yellow sells on arrival at 26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—The demand is limited for all descriptions, and the sales are only in small lots at 13½a14 for Sperm, and 9a10c for Tallow.

COAL.—There is an active demand for shipment and city consumption; cargo sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3,25a3,37½, and Red Ash at $3,50a3,75 per ton. There is but little Bituminous Coal arriving. A sale at 18c per bushel.

COFFEE.—The market is firm, but the demand is limited, and only 8a900 bags Rio have been disposed of at 8¼a8¾c per lb on time. By auction, 2,280 bags fair quality sold at 7¼a8¼c; 300 Laguayra 7¼a8¼; and 300 Java at 11¼a11½c, 4 mos.

COPPER.—Is dull; sales of English Sheathing at 21, and Yellow Metal at 16½c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON.—The stock on sale is exceedingly small, and prices are firm, with a moderate inquiry; the sales comprise 450 bales Upland New Orleans, but mostly of the latter description at 9a12½c per lb, on time.

The following is a comparative statement of the receipts of Cotton at all the Southern ports, from 1st Sept. to the latest dates received by mail, during the past two years:

	1850-51.	1849-50.
New Orleans, bales	30,400	9,555
Mobile	3,141	3,631
Texas		173
Savannah	2,350	10,995
do Sea Island	29	108
Charleston	7,815	10,478
do Sea Island	343	247
Total	43,147	34,548
Increase	8,599	

FEATHERS.—But few offering; small sales of good Western at 37½a39c per lb.

FISH.—The receipts of Mackerel have increased, and prices have declined; sales of No 1 in lots from store at $10,50a11, No 2 at $9,50a10, and No 3 at $4,50a5,50 per bbl. Codfish sell in small lots at 3¼c per lb.

FRUIT.—The market has been very quiet, and the sales of both Foreign and Domestic have been only in small lots.

GUANO.—Is in moderate demand; sales of Patagonia in lots at $47a48, and Peruvian at $50a52 per ton.

HEMP.—The market has been very quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES.—An import of 4,000 Laguayra sold at the close of last week at about 16½c per lb, on time.

HOPS.—Are dull and lower. Small sales of first sort at 25a26c per lb.

IRON.—The market continues dull, and the sales are confined to a few hundred tons Anthracite No 1 at $21, No 2 at $20; and No 3 at $19 per ton, 6 mos. A sale of Scotch Pig at $19,50, 6 months, now held higher. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD.—Is dull. Several lots have arrived, but the only sale reported is a lot of foreign at $4,40 per 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER.—The demand is limited for all kinds, but prices remain unchanged.

LUMBER.—The market has been very quiet. A sale of Southern Sap Boards at $16 per M feet, and Laths at $1,40a1,45 per M.

There were shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 27th ult.

	Feet	234,167
Previously,		29,896,161
Total,		30,130,328

MOLASSES.—The demand is limited, but prices are steady. Sales of 300 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 20c on time.

NAVAL STORES.—A sale of 500 bbls common Rosin on private terms, and some at $1,35 per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine is in steady demand, and sells in lots at 37a38c per gallon, on time.

OILS.—There is a fair demand for both Whale and Sperm Oil, from store, at full prices. Lard Oil is steady. A sale of Winter at 75c, on time. Linseed Oil is dull and sells only in small lots at 73a75c.

PLASTER.—Is dull. The last sale of soft was at $2,40 per ton.

RICE.—The demand is limited; small sales at 3½a3¾c per lb, on time.

SALT.—Two cargoes of Turks Island, about 9,000 bushels, and an import of Liverpool Ground, sold on terms kept private.

SEEDS.—The demand for Cloverseed is limited. Sales at $5a5,25 for fair and good quality; Timothy ranges from $2,25 to 2,75. Flaxseed we quote at $1,30 per bushel.

SPICES.—The market has been very quiet, and the only sales reported are some small lots of Cloves at 19c per lb.

SPIRITS.—The sales of Brandy and Gin are only in small lots at our former quotations. N. E. Rum sells slowly at 27a28 cents. Whiskey is less active. Sales of 500 bbls at 23a23½ cts; hhds command the same prices.

SUGAR.—The market has been very quiet, but prices have undergone no change. Sales of 300 hhds Cuba, Porto Rico and New Orleans at 4¾a6½c for common and choice quality, and some white Brazil at 7c per lb, on time.

TALLOW.—Small sales of City Rendered at 7¼a7½c per lb.

TEAS.—There is a moderate demand for the supply of the trade at steady prices.

TOBACCO.—There is no new feature to present in the market. The demand continues limited, and the sales are confined to small lots for the supply of the city trade.

WINES.—A catalogue was offered by auction by Messrs. Odenheimer & Cook, but generally only the samples were disposed of at medium prices.

WOOL.—The market has been dull, and the sales only reach 40,000 lbs, in small lots, within the range of 36a46c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool are dull and the rates nominal. Colliers continue to meet with quick despatch at 90c to N. York, $1,20 to Rhode Island, and $1,50 per ton to Boston.—*Register.*

NEW YORK MARKETS, OCT. 4.

ASHES.—A steady market, with moderate sales at $5 for Pots, and $5,50 for Pearls.

COTTON.—The market is extremely dull, and only some 300 bales are reported sold.

FLOUR, &c.—There is a fair business doing to-day, and the market for common description is firmer. The receipts are smaller, and holders evince no anxiety to sell unless better prices are paid. The transactions aggregate 6,600 bbls at $3 69a3,75 for common to straight State; $3,75a4 for Michigan and Indiana, $3,87½a4 for Ohio, and $4,12½a4,25 for pure Genesee. Southern Flour is unchanged, and the sales are 500 barrels at $3,87½a4,25 for old and new mixed to straight. Corn Meal continues firm with further sales of 175 bbls Brandywine at $3,15.

GRAIN.—For Wheat the market is dull; some parcels are wanted for export and home consumption, but buyers and sellers are rather wide apart; sales of 2,500 bushels handsome white Southern at 88c; 2,600 white Michigan at 87c; 2,400 red Southern at 75c, and 2,500 Chicago at 81c. Rye is more plenty, and lower; sales of 3,000 bushels new made at 68a69c. For Barley there is a good demand at very full prices; sales of 4,500 were made at 72a75 cts. The Corn market is unchanged; sales of 30,000 bushels at 56a58½ for unsound, and 59a59½ for good and prime. Oats are in request at 38a40c.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is easier, with sales of 400 bbls at $15,50a15,87½, and $13 and $13,12½a13,25 for new and old Mess and Prime. Beef steady, with sales of 150 bbls at $8 50a11, and $5a6 for Mess and Prime. Cut Meats are quiet at previous rates. Lard dull, 175 bbls sold at 9½a9¾. Butter and Cheese unchanged.

WHISKEY.—A fair demand, with sales of 400 bbls Prison at 21½, short time.

LIME.—We notice sales of 4,000 bbls common at 80c.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c. &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Prometheus, from San Juan, Nicaragua, with three weeks' later and highly interesting intelligence from California, reached New York on the 4th inst.

The Prometheus left San Juan on the 26th of September, and brings 405 passengers, and $125,000 in gold dust on freight, $100,000 of which is for Thompson & Hitchcock.

The U. S. Mail Steamship Ohio also arrived at New York on the 6th, from Chagres. She had on board four hundred and fifty passengers, and $1,400,000 in gold dust on freight, besides about $600,000 in the hands of passengers.

The Ohio brings the San Francisco mails of September 1st, brought to Panama by the steamer Pacific. The dates, however, were not so late as were received by the Prometheus.

The steamer Tennessee sailed from San Francisco on the first day of September, for Panama, with $1,700,000 in gold dust on freight, and the Constitution with $100,000. The former had 250, and the latter 120 passengers.

The Prometheus reports that the steam propeller Lafayette was entirely destroyed by fire in the harbor at Chagres, on the 11th of September, the fire having caught in the spirit-room. The cargo was partially saved.

THE ELECTION.

The returns are incomplete. In the City of San Francisco the Whigs carried every Ward save one, and the aggregate majority is something near 1,000.

The city and county of Sacramento are Democratic by 400 majority.

The Whig and Democratic papers each claim the election of their candidate for Governor.—The following are the latest returns, as we find them in the San Francisco Herald:—

FOR GOVERNOR.

Counties, &c.	Whig.	Dem.
San Francisco	779	
Sacramento		400
Santa Clara	256	
San Joaquin (incomplete)	1	
El Dorado do.		164
Placer do.	23	
Calaveras		80
Yolo		101
Mormon Island		83
Nevada County	95	
Johnson's rancho	6	
Tuolumne County		110
Total	1,160 910	910
Whig majority	250	

The New York Herald has the following in reference to the election:—

The returns, as far as received, though in the main imperfect, from the Counties of San Francisco, Sacramento, Yolo, Nevada, El Dorado, Solano, Marin, Tuolumne, San Joaquin, Calaveras, and Santa Clara, give Pearson B. Reading (Whig) a majority over John Bigler (Dem.) of about 1,000, and the balance of the State ticket from 600 to 800.

The Counties of Mendocino, Napa, Klamath, Trinity, Shasta, Los Angeles, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and Santa Cruz, will give Reading at least 5,000 majority. This puts his election beyond the possibility of a doubt; and the same vote will elect most of the State ticket.—The Democrats have probably carried the Legislature, though the whole is in confusion, and it is impossible to conjecture what the result is. Both parties claim the ascendancy, though even in San Francisco it was not known on the sailing of the Pacific which party had been successful for the municipal offices in that city.

The Courier of the 6th, says:—"We do not doubt the election of Major Reading (Whig) and the most of our State ticket. Our Governor is elected by a majority of three to five thousand."

On the other hand, the San Francisco Herald, of the 6th ult., thinks the returns indicate the success of the Democratic Governor; and the *Alta Californian* says: "From the meagre returns that have already come to hand, it would appear highly probable that the Democratic party are triumphant."

A very destructive conflagration occurred at Marysville, on the evening of the 8th of August. Three entire squares were burned, comprising 80 buildings. The locale of the fire was Second and E streets, the north and east sides of the Plaza, the Levee, D, First and High streets. The estimated loss is half a million. The burnt district comprised the chief business part of the city. Farish, Adams & Co., were the heaviest losers, say $30,000.

The mining news continues highly favorable.

The Indians are very troublesome on the route from the Great Salt Lake to Sacramento City. The mail riders have been several times attacked, but escaped unhurt. Several emigrants have been killed.

Two men, named McKenzie and Whitaker, had been executed in San Francisco, and two executions had also taken place in Sacramento. Since which perfect quiet had been restored.

The greatest excitement attended the case of Whitaker and McKenzie, who were executed at San Francisco. They were arrested at the instance of the Vigilance Committee, and kept in their custody, having confessed to a number of daring robberies, &c. On the morning of the 22nd of August, before daylight, the city authorities proceeded to the rooms of the Committee, and, without much hindrance, took possession of Whitaker and McKenzie, and conveyed them to the city jail. When the populace became informed of this act, the wildest excitement was manifested, and finally, on Sunday afternoon, (the 24th) shortly after two o'clock, the prisoners were forcibly rescued from the jail, and re-conveyed to the rooms of the Committee, and in an incredibly short space of time were launched into eternity, amidst a shout of gratification from the crowd.

After hanging an hour, the bodies were cut down, when McKenzie, being pronounced not dead by the physician, was again hauled up into the air, where he was suffered to hang until life was extinct. The crowd then dispersed quietly, and order was restored. Some shots were fired at the rescue, but nothing serious occurred.

Robinson, who had been convicted and sentenced to be hung, but was subsequently reprieved by the Governor, had been taken from the prison by the populace and executed. The Governor was strongly denounced, and had been requested to resign.

TRUE BILLS FOR TREASON.—The Grand Jury of the United States District Court returned thirty two true bills, on charges of treason, growing out of the late outbreak at Christiana, Lancaster County. One bill, against George Wells, colored, was ignored by the Grand Jury. The names of the prisoners against whom these bills were found, are as follows:—Whites—Castner Hanaway, Elijah Lewis, Joseph Scull and James Jackson. Colored—George Williams, Jacob Moore, George Reed, Benjamin Johnson, Daniel Caulsberry, Alson Pernsley, William Brown, 2d, Henry Green, Elijah Clark, John Holliday, William Williams, Benjamin Pendergrass, John Morgan, Ezekiel Thompson, Thomas Butler, Collister Wilson, John Jackson, William Brown, Josiah Clarkson, Henry Sims, Charles Hunter, Lewis Gales, Peter Woods, Lewis Clarkson, Nelson Carter, William Parker, John Berry and William Berry.

On Saturday the following additional bills were returned against the following named prisoners, all colored, who are implicated in the same affair: Washington Williams, W. Thomas, Nelson Ford, Joseph Hammond, Henry Curtis, and Samuel Williams. The bill against Noah Bexley, colored, was ignored. Of the above, Ford and Hammond are two of the fugitive slaves, and have not yet been arrested. The prisoners will be tried separately, at the November sessions of the Circuit Court.

RAILROAD ENGINE RACE.—On the 1st inst., there was a very novel and attractive race over the Boston and Lowell Railroad, in connection with the Lowell Mechanical Fair, being a race with locomotive engines. Six engines entered for the race, the distance being 9 miles, with a load of 70 tons. The locomotive "Addison Gilmore," belonging to the Western Railroad, accomplished the distance in 12 minutes, 10 seconds; the "Nathan Hale," belonging to the Worcester road, in 12 minutes, 56 seconds; the others in about 14½ minutes. The race was witnessed by an immense number of spectators.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has given great offence to a large body of the clergy, by denying the exclusive necessity of ordination by the regular bishops of the Queen's Church, and thereby virtually overthrowing the sacerdotal doctrine of the Apostolical succession of the bishops. A great indignation meeting of all the clergy is in consequence proposed to be held at Derby, at which it is contemplated to denounce the conduct of the Archbishop, and to call upon him to resign his high office.

DESTRUCTION OF DEAD LETTERS.—Recently, Mr. Sturtevant, of the Dead Letter Office, destroyed one hundred and sixty-four five bushel bags of dead letters, the accumulation of three months. They were all emptied into a ravine near the Washington National Monument, and given to the flames, having previously been deprived of their valuable contents.

POLITICAL NEWS.

CASS DELEGATES.—The Democrats of Wisconsin have elected Delegates to the National Convention, who are favorable to the election of Gen. Cass.

The Michigan Democratic Convention have unanimously recommended General Cass for the Presidency, and endorsed "the principles promulgated by the National Conventions of 1844 and 1848." They, however, agree to abide by the decision of the National Convention.

MARYLAND ELECTION.—The following is the result of the recent election for Members of Congress:

First District—Rich'd J. Bowie, Whig.
Second District—Wm. L. Hamilton, Dem.
Third District—Edward Hammond, Dem.
Fourth District—Thos. Yates Walsh, Whig.
Fifth District—Alex. Evans, Whig.
Sixth District—J. S. Cottman, Ind. Whig.

GENERAL SCOTT.—Some few months since, a gentleman of Pennsylvania, at the request of eight members of the State Senate, wrote a letter to General Winfield Scott, addressing him as the undoubted Whig candidate for the Presidency, and requesting his opinions upon the various political questions which have agitated the country.

To that letter General Scott wrote a reply, in which he *refers to his past life for his character and his opinions*, at the same time correcting the statement that he was "the undoubted Whig candidate," by stating that the Whig candidate would probably be selected by a National Convention.

FREE SOILERS IN MARYLAND.—A letter to the editor of the Cecil (Md.) Democrat, from Chestertown, dated Sept. 22, says: "The Free Soilers meet here to-morrow, for the purpose of nominating a ticket, as they say. I do not know their strength, but it is said they can muster from 50 to 70 votes in the county."

CALIFORNIA.—The result of the election is uncertain. We give in our digest of California news, the returns received by the steamship.

SENATOR SOULE'S POSITION.—Hon. Senator Soule has been making another speech—this time at Franklin, La. He said he was a disunionist only so far as "that, while he claims for the States the inherent right to secede whenever their wrongs were refused redress, he insists that it should be resorted to only as the *last remedy*, and even then that the consequences attending such a measure were most awful to contemplate."

NEW MEXICO.—A serious fight occurred at the election polls in Bernallio Co., in which three Americans were killed. In some sections Reynolds is getting large majorities over Weightman.

COUNTY DIVISION.—The citizens of Dade Co., Georgia, at a late meeting, resolved that if Georgia secedes from the Union, they will secede from Georgia, and annex their county to the State of Tennessee. Dade Co., is naturally separated from the rest of Georgia by a range of mountains. It is an interesting question, whether, granting the right of a State to secede from the Union, a County has any right to secede from a State.

A NEW FEAT—WALKING ON AN INVERTED PLANE.—We yesterday had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. McCormick's experiment of walking on an inverted plane. The experiment was a private one, only a few persons being present, and was made under disadvantageous circumstances, the preparations being incomplete, and the health of Mr. McC. being somewhat feeble. The experiment, however, passed off, to the entire satisfaction of all present. A heavy frame was erected, with a slab of marble, nine feet long, at the top, the under surface being polished like a mirror. We saw the experimenter mount his platform, and adjust his unwieldy boots; then placing both feet against the surface of the marble, he swung himself off with his head downwards. Disconnecting one foot from the slab, and placing it firmly several feet in advance of the other, he continued the alternate movement, until he had taken ten steps, and arrived at the other end of the slab. We held our breath during the experiment, expecting, momentarily, that he would fall, but he appeared to walk as safely as a fly runs along the ceiling. After his descent, however, we noticed that he was much exhausted, owing to the excitement and exertion.—*Cincinnati Nonpareil.*

THE SUNBURY AND ERIE RAILROAD.—The Convention which assembled recently in this city, for the purpose of promoting the success of the enterprise proposing to connect Sunbury and Erie, in this State, by railroad, adopted a resolution for the appointment of a Committee to publish an Address setting forth the claims of the project upon public favor, and advocating its early prosecution. The Committee has since been appointed, in pursuance of the resolution alluded to, and the following are the names of the gentlemen composing it: Wm. M. Meredith, Job R. Tyson, Isaac R. Davis, G. W. Woodward, Evan Rogers, Robert Ewing, Samuel C. Morton, M. L. Hallowell, J. W. Gillis, W. A. Irvine, Wm. Kelley, Charles M. Reid, James Miles, Robert Fleming, Wm. D. Kelly, Jos. Y. Bailey, Geo. H. Martin, R. D. Wood, Francis M. Buck, A. V. Updegraff, David J. Brown, Caleb Cope, James Magee, James C. Hand, John Grigg, Edw. M. Davis, W. Butcher, Wm. D. Lewis, Thomas C. Rockhill, John Farnum, Craig Biddle, John Rice, D. L. Miller, Jr., M. Newkirk, Geo. Abbott, Benj. Marshall.

THE NEW SWEET POTATO.—We made reference the other day to a new variety of the sweet potato, believed to have been brought from some part of South America. Superiority as to size, flavor, &c., was claimed for it over all other kinds. We suggested that it was probably the West India yam, which grows in most tropical countries, and is frequently met with in the vegetable market here. This has brought a note from an esteemed correspondent, who knows something of this new variety, and he intimates that we shall soon have an opportunity ourselves of judging of its merits. "The fact is," he says, "the root is different in growth and every quality from every one we have here, and I, as well as many who have tasted them, view them as entirely superior. They grow either in the shape of a thick yam potato, or like a turnip; a great proportion of the large size in that form. For my own part, I consider them the most elegant root on a table that I know of, when prepared as the Irish potato; and to me they seem a connecting link between a fine mealy Irish potato and a sweet potato.—*Mobile Herald.*

EASTERN VIRGINIA.—Nowhere has the farming interest advanced with more rapidity than it has of late years in the Tidewater District of Virginia. It was stated by a gentleman from Lancaster County, the other day, that there was annually more than double the quantity of wheat now sown in his district than was reaped twenty years ago. Another large proprietor observed that he had realized upwards of fifteen per cent. on his investment in land cultivated in wheat. This change has been brought about by the discovery and application of marl, inexhaustible in that quarter, and the free use of guano—one farmer in Westmoreland, we learn, having last year applied twenty tons of that manure with striking effect, in the improvement of his lands.—*Winchester Virginian.*

NEW AND USEFUL.—The travelling public will rejoice to learn that an invention is being introduced upon railroads, by which, be the day as hot, and road as dusty as it may, the car is kept free from dust, and at the same time perfectly and delightfully ventilated. This is effected by attaching ventilators to the roofs of the cars.—These receive air through fine wire-cloth, inducting it through openings into a long chamber inside under the roof, by which it is most pleasantly and equally diffused through the car, passing out through vertical blinds. When desired, the car can be immediately converted from summer to winter use, by closing registers in the roof and sides of the car. The passengers are relieved of the annoyance of cinders dust, &c.

METHODIST CHURCH.—At the recent Annual Meeting of the Genessee Conference of the Methodist Church, it was stated that the sales of the Book Concern, for the last twelve months, exceed $200,000, being an increase of $65,000 over the previous year, and exceeding all former years. During the time, the new hymn book has had an immense sale. The profits were $47,841. It was mentioned in the Report that the Christian Advocate and Journal has a circulation of from 25,000 to 29,000. The Missionary Advocate, 30,000. The Sunday School Advocate 65,000, with a yearly sale of Sunday School books, amounting to $5,000. The Quarterly Review has 3,000 subscribers.

THE NEW YORK BANKS.—The New York Herald says:—"An attempt is being made in certain quarters to bring into disrepute certain banking institutions in the State of New York. No alarm should be felt, by people at a distance, by any reports respecting our New York banks. The circulation of most of them is secured by the pledge of public stocks; and if they suspend to-morrow, their bills would be just as valuable as they would be in case of no suspension."

RESPONSIBILITIES OF RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.—A passenger recently bought a ticket to go to the Cu'n station upon the New York and Erie Railroad. The conductor received the ticket, but refused to stop at the station, and carried the passenger 14 miles beyond. The passenger afterwards obtained a warrant against the conductor for false imprisonment, upon which he was arrested.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASES.—A fugitive slave named Harrison, was arrested on the 1st, near Dunkirk, N. Y., taken to Buffalo, and after examination before the Commissioner, delivered to his claimant, Dr. Berry, Hardy county, Virginia. The Court House was crowded with excited citizens, who made a show of resistance; but after some slight skirmishing, within and without the Court room, Harrison was lodged in jail.—Four other fugitives, for whom warrants were issued, made their escape to Canada.

A colored man named Jerry, who had resided as a cooper in Syracuse, for some time past, was arrested as a fugitive, the same day, in that city. The negro managed to escape, but was overtaken by the officers. Several white men were arrested for assisting the negro in his attempted flight.

At his examination before the United States Commissioner, the Court was forced to adjourn by the tumultuous proceedings of a mob outside the building—(it happened to be the County Fair Day)—the windows being broken by stones, &c.

After the adjournment the fugitive was taken into the apartment at the back of the police office, with the intention of awaiting the dispersion of the crowd, when he was to be removed to a place of safety, but the excitement continued to increase, and an attack was made on the police office, by a number of persons outside composing the mob. Clubs, axes, crowbars, &c., were freely used. Doors and windows were broken through, and the office filled with armed men. The negro, though, was still beyond their reach. A plank was used as a battering ram, and an entrance forced with it through the partition separating the office from the apartment in the rear of it, in which the negro was confined.

The officers having the negro in charge made a stout resistance, but they were soon overpowered by the mob, and the negro was borne off in triumph. His friends had a carriage in readiness for him. No attempt was made to re-capture the negro after his rescue from the police office, and he is now probably beyond the reach of the U. S. authorities.

In his endeavor to keep the negro in custody, Marshal Fitch, of Rochester, had his right arm broken in two places. No one else is reported seriously wounded.

In half-an-hour after the rescue had been made, the crowd had entirely dispersed, and the city resumed its usual quiet aspect.

P. J. Lear, the claimant of the alleged fugitive slave, was arrested as a kidnapper, on a warrant issued by Justice Hoare, on the complaint of C. A. Wheaton, and he gave bail to appear for trial.

Numerous depositions were taken on the 3rd, before United States Commissioner Sabine, bearing upon the rescue. Several arrests have been resolved upon.

PRIESTLY LIFE IN FRANCE.—A letter from Paris says: "The Abbé Colleuil died lately at Toulouse. An auction sale of his furniture and other effects, has for many days been drawing crowds to his late residence. The visitors were not induced there altogether by curiosity, for nearly every one, no matter what his taste, found something exactly in his way. Of certain sorts of articles, there was such an extraordinary quantity, that the people began to think it queer. Ninety-three snuff-boxes, 112 pocket handkerchiefs, 25 canes, 54 umbrellas, many fragments of valuable lace, and other female appendages of the kind, formed part of this extraordinary collection. It seems that the worthy Abbé used to scour the church after service, and make a foray upon all the waifs and strays that might have lost their owners. But this is not all.—What do you think of seventeen locks of hair, done up in separate papers? You say that they must have been mementos of white-headed deacons and snowy-pated confessors. On the contrary, sir, they were black as the raven's wing, or brown as a Guatimala cigar; they were tresses, sir, ringlets, braids, in short, locks of hair, as I said before. But this is not all, either. In his wardrobe, between a couple of surplices, were two fancy costumes! One a pink domino, and the other a harlequin!"

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—The exhibition of Agricultural Implements and Stock, at the State Fair, to commence at Harrisburg, on the 29th inst., will be one of the most interesting displays ever witnessed in Pennsylvania. The farmers throughout the State are invited to attend, and send every contribution which is likely to add to the attractions of the exhibition. Farmers' wives and daughters can also contribute to the occasion by specimens of their handiwork, for which diplomas and certificates will be given. This is the first State Fair ever held in Pennsylvania, and upon its success will depend future exhibitions of the kind. One hundred thousand persons attended the State Fair of New York this season, and fifty thousand that of Ohio; Pennsylvania should not be outdone by either State. Harrisburg is a good central position, and the farmers of Lancaster, Chester, Bucks, Montgomery, Delaware, Berks, Dauphin, Lebanon and all the other counties where the evidences of their thrift and prosperity are so abundant, can turn out thousands on this occasion, and make the assemblage and the show a thing to be talked of and remembered as an epoch in the public occurrences of Pennsylvania.

A DISCOVERY IN SURGERY.—A Prussian, named Aran, is said to have made a discovery in surgery, that is exciting considerable interest in the scientific circles of Berlin. It is the application of chlorine to relieve pain. Unlike chloroform, it can be used without the least danger to the patient, and is very effectual in its operation. From the account, a small quantity of the fluid (from ten to twenty drops) is dropped on the part affected, or on a lint bandage slightly moistened with water, and then applied, and all bound up in oil silk, and a linen band. After from two to ten minutes, the part becomes insensible; and the pain is no longer felt, whether it be from rheumatic, nervous or other disorders. After a time it returns again, but usually weaker, and with several applications it is often entirely relieved. The discoverer has presented a memorial on the subject to the Academy at Paris.

LETTER FROM ATTORNEY-GENERAL FRANKLIN.—The Lancaster Union contains a letter from Attorney-General Franklin, in vindication of the action of the State authorities, in the late Christiana affair, against the charges of remissness of duty, brought against them by the Rev. Mr. Gorsuch. Mr. Franklin says:

I cannot consent to be placed in a different position in reference to this matter from Governor Johnston, upon consultation with whom all the steps have been taken consequent upon the lamentable affair, and in pursuance of whose suggestion I took part in the investigation. If, as the writer now acknowledges, I have proved my loyalty to the Constitution and laws, and my zeal for the vindication of public justice, the Governor is also entitled to the credit which belongs to him, of having placed it in my charge as a matter of public duty.

AMERICANS ABROAD.—Buvard, the artist, who has returned from Europe, after three years' absence, says that at Milan he was put under a guard of soldiers, and marched to the police office, at mid-day, on a Sunday, to have his passport examined, because he was an American; and that the treatment toward Americans, both by the Neapolitan and Austrian officers in such, as to create the conviction that secret orders have been given by the Governments of those countries to embarrass and harass American travellers as much as possible, in order to drive them out, and to keep them out of the dominions of the two despots.

SENTENCE OF THE MICHIGAN RAILROAD CONSPIRATORS.—The twelve prisoners convicted of conspiracy to burn the Central Railroad Depot in Detroit, were brought up for sentence on the 26th ult. The Court sentenced them to imprisonment in the State Penitentiary: Orlando D. Williams and Ammi Filley for ten years each; Wm. Corwin, Aaron Mount, Eben Price, Richard Price, Dr. Farnham, and Andrew J. Freeland, for eight years each; and Erastus Champlin, Lyman Champlin, Willard Champlin and Erastus Smith for five years each.

THE AURORA.—The Aurora Borealis we noticed here on Monday week, seems to have been observed on the same night all over the country, in some places with even greater brilliancy than here. In Buffalo, the papers say they have not witnessed the phenomenon so well "got up" in many years. In Pittsburg it was of a light red color, and gradually spread across the heavens from the North, presenting the appearance of a general conflagration. The firemen turned out, and after a long run, returned something wiser than they went.

LIBEL SUIT.—Major Tochman, of Washington, has caused the arrest of a Bavarian Captain, named Henry Ahne, on the charge of circulating a malicious libel against his [Major T.'s] wife, late Miss Appolonia Jagello. The libel is contained in an affidavit made before Justice Brownell, of Williamsburg, N. J., by Charles Koelbel, a Hungarian. Major Tochman swears to his belief, that the circulation of the libel was aided and abetted by a foreign diplomatic representative. Capt. Ahne gave bail to answer the charge at the next Criminal Court.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—The Mexican Cabinet all resigned in a body on the 20th ult. Much disaffection prevailed throughout the country, which was in a most deplorable condition. The Convention of the Governors was called, for the purpose of devising means for the relief of the difficulties under which the people are laboring. Without taking any decisive action, the Convention adjourned, causing much dissatisfaction among the people.

REWARD OFFERED.—A reward of $1,000 has been offered by the citizens of Grayson county, Virginia, for the arrest of Bacon, an Ohio abolitionist.

THE COTTON CROP.—The New York shipping and commercial list says, the cotton crop of 1850-51 amount to 2,355,257 bales.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF GROWTH.

Crop of	Bales.	Crop of	Bales.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

THE CUBAN INVADERS.—About forty of the Lopez prisoners had been sent to Cadiz in the brig Kipe. Several still remain in the hospital, some of them in a most pitiable condition. Captain Ellis, of Washington, has been pardoned and set at liberty.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

MR. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *J. T. Dent, W. Ramsey, Dr. J. Wadsworth, R. K. Green, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lott Edwards, Thomas Frankland, and C. M. L. Wiseman.* Each of the above persons have a certificate of the Mayor of Cincinnati, with seal of the city, describing their persons, so there will be no risk in paying them, and we hope all on whom they may call, will make it convenient to settle with them.

MR. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee, assisted by *D. B. Goodwin, James G. Lewis and Samuel D. Lewis.*

MR. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Judkins, P. Lisle, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button, and Thos. D. Nice.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

MARIAS B. ANGELL collects for us in New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., New York*
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
Of MILTON BOULEMENT, *Mobile, Ala.*
Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., *Baltimore, Md.*
Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, 20 *West Sixth Street*, and 20 *East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
COURTENAY & WIENGES, *Charleston, S. C.*
Of W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*
Of ELI ADAMS, *Salem, N. J.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

Local News.

INTERMENT OF GIRARD.—The procession of the Masonic fraternity numbered about 1,800 men. The address of Mr. J. R. Chandler was in very excellent taste. But the public at large will feel most interested in the Masonic ceremonies. After the playing of a dirge by the band, the following were the

ADDRESS AND CEREMONIES BY THE GRAND MASTER.

The Grand Master of Pennsylvania, Wm. Whitney, Esq., spoke as follows, the entire body of Masons standing uncovered.

Here we view a striking instance of the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of all human pursuits.

The last offices paid to the dead, are useful as lectures to the living; from them we are to derive instruction, and to consider every solemnity of this kind as a summons to prepare for our approaching dissolution.

Notwithstanding the various mementos of mortality, with which we daily meet; notwithstanding Death has established his empire over all the works of nature; yet, through some unaccountable infatuation, we forget that we are born to die; we go on from one design to another, add hope to hope, and lay out plans for the employment of many years, till we are suddenly alarmed with the approach of Death, when we least expect him, and at an hour which we probably conclude to be the meridian of our existence.

What are all the externals of majesty, the pride of wealth, or charms of beauty, when nature has paid her just debt? Fix your eyes on the last scene, and view life stript of her ornaments, and exposed in her natural meanness; you will then be convinced of the futility of these empty delusions. In the grave all fallacies are detected, all ranks are levelled, and all distinctions are done away.

While we drop the sympathetic tear over the remains of our deceased brother, let charity incline us to throw a veil over his foibles, whatever they may have been, and not withhold from his memory the praise that his virtues may have claimed. Suffer the apologies of human nature to plead in his behalf. Perfection on earth has never been attained; the wisest, as well as the best of men, have erred.

Let the present example excite our best thoughts, and strengthen our resolutions of amendment. As life is uncertain, and all earthly pursuits are vain, let us no longer postpone the all important concern of preparing for eternity; but embrace the happy moment, while time and opportunity offer, to provide against the great change, when all the pleasures of this world shall cease to delight and the reflections of a virtuous and holy life yield the only comfort and consolation. Thus our expectations will not be frustrated, nor we hurried unprepared into the presence of an All-Wise and Powerful Judge, to whom the secrets of all hearts are known.

Let us, while in this state of existence, support with propriety the character of our profession, advert to the nature of our solemn ties, and pursue with assiduity the sacred tenets of our order.

Then, with becoming reverence, let us seek the favor of the Eternal God, through the merits of His Son our Saviour, so that when the awful moment of Death arrives, be it soon or late, we may be enabled to prosecute our journey without dread or apprehension, to that far distant country, whence no traveller returns.

Master—May we be true and faithful, and may we live and die in love?

Answer—So mote it be.

Master—May we profess what is good, and always agreeably to our profession?

Answer—So mote it be.

Master—May the Lord bless us and prosper us, and may all our good intentions be crowned with success?

Answer—So mote it be.

Master—Glory be to God in the highest, on earth peace! good will towards men!

Answer—So mote it be, now, from henceforth, and forevermore. Amen.

The Grand Master then displayed a Masonic Apron, and said:

This Lamb Skin, or white leather Apron, is an emblem of Innocence and the badge of a Mason, more ancient than the golden fleece or Roman eagle; more honorable than the Star and Garter, when worthily worn. This emblem I am about to deposit in the resting place of our deceased Brother. By this we are reminded of the universal dominion of Death. The arm of friendship cannot oppose the King of Terrors, nor the charms of innocence elude his grasp.

This Coffin, this circle of his Brethren, reminds us that we, too, are mortal. Soon shall our bodies moulder to dust.

Then, how important for us that we should know that our Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth.

The Grand Master then displayed a sprig of Evergreen, and said:

This evergreen is an emblem of our faith in the immortality of the soul. By this we are reminded that we have an immortal part within us, which shall survive the grave, and which shall never, never, never die. Though like our Brother, whose remains now lie before us, we shall soon be clothed in the habiliments of death and deposited in the silent tomb yet through the mediation of a divine and ascended Saviour, we may confidently hope that our soul's will bloom in *Eternal Spring.*

From time immemorial, it has been the custom among the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, at the request of a brother, his relatives, or friends, to accompany his corpse to the place of interment, and there to deposit his remains with the usual formalities.

In conformity to this usage, we have assembled in the character of Masons, to offer up to the memory of our deceased Brother, before the world, the last tribute of our affection: thereby demonstrating the sincerity of our past esteem, and our steady attachment to the principles of the order.

The great Creator having been pleased out of His mercy to remove our Brother from the cares and troubles of a transitory existence, to a state of eternal duration, and thereby to weaken the chain by which we are united man to man; may we who survive him anticipate our approaching fate, and be more strongly cemented, in the ties of union and friendship; that during the short space allotted to our present existence, we may wisely and usefully employ our time; and in the reciprocal intercourse of kind and friendly acts, mutually promote the welfare and happiness of each other.

Unto its last resting place, we are about to resign the remains of our deceased Brother, earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, there to remain until the trump shall sound on the resurrection morn. We can cheerfully leave him in the hands of a Being who has done all things well, who is glorious in Holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders.

Then let us all so improve this solemn warning, that on the great day of account we may receive from a compassionate Judge, the welcome invitation, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the World. So mote it be. Amen.

The exercises by the Grand Master being concluded, a solemn dirge was performed by the band; after which, the coffin containing the remains of Stephen Girard, was borne, and accompanied by members of the Grand Lodge into the South Vestibule, where it was placed in the elegant sarcophagus prepared for it.

As soon as this was effected, the Grand Lodge, Mayor, Recorder, City Councils, and all the Masonic Lodges, marched in procession, two and two, through the building—passing between the iron railing in the vestibule and the sarcophagus. Each Free Mason, as he passed, threw a sprig of evergreen upon the coffin. This was the closing ceremony, and after it was performed, the Lodges returned to the city in procession.

GLOUCESTER FACTORIES.—Both of the factories at Gloucester are now in full and successful operation, Mill No. 2 having recently resumed work; and, as the act of the Legislature does not prohibit the company from making special contracts with their workmen, they still abide by their former regulations, of working thirteen hours. Most of the hands who sought employment abroad in consequence of the difficulty last July, have since returned, and consented to go to work at the old rates, satisfied that the regulations in these mills are far superior to any in which they had been engaged during their absence.—*Ledger.*

TRIAL OF THE DILIGENT ENGINE.—The members of the Diligent Engine Company, recently made a trial of their apparatus. The test of its power was made by throwing a stream of water over the steeple of the Church, in Arch street, above Tenth, against a pretty strong wind from the southwest. The steeple, including the spire, is represented to be 165 feet high, and a number of gentlemen who witnessed the trial from favorable positions, concur in the statement that the water was thrown some fifteen feet above the apex.

CHARGE OF TREASON.—A colored man named Samuel Williams, is being examined before Edward D. Ingraham, U. S. Commissioner, on a charge of Treason, in being concerned in the late outbreak at Christiana, Lancaster county. Williams resides in the neighborhood of Seventh and Lombard streets, in this city, where he keeps a public house. He is charged with instigating the fugitive slaves at Christiana, and the negroes and others in the neighborhood, to resist the officers who went up there on the tenth of last month, to arrest Mr. Gorsuch's slaves. He is also charged with going up to notify the fugitives of the pursuit after them.

The officers who arrested him testified that he said when arrested: "I was up there, I don't deny it. I saw Agen and Tully there, and told the people to look out for themselves, as kidnappers were there. I thought no harm of it, and would do it again on a similar occasion." During the examination of one of the chief witnesses named Kline, the following funny scene took place, as is reported in the Ledger:

"The witness stopped suddenly and claimed the protection of the Commissioner, as he said a gentleman sitting at the reporters' table was taking his portrait, and he did not wish anybody to take his portrait at that time. The Commissioner appeared to be somewhat surprised at this episode in the narrative, and inquired what was the matter? The gentleman referred to showed his book to the Commissioner, who laughed and said, 'Oh, is that all?' The gentleman then asked that the witness be required to keep a civil tongue in his head. The Commissioner said 'certainly,' and ordered Mr. Kline to proceed. The incident caused considerable merriment, as it was conceded Mr. K. had good reason to decline having a correct portrait of himself taken. He is not a handsome man."

At the close of the testimony, Mr. Ashmead, the U. S. District Attorney, asked that the defendant should be committed to answer the charge of treason, urging that it was clearly shown that he had instigated the armed resistance to the laws, which occurred at Christiana.

Mr. Brown replied that the effort to fasten the charge of treason upon the prisoner, like some other attempts of a similar character recently made, and which the public were laughing at, was simply ridiculous. All that was alleged or pretended against the prisoner, was that he had notified some supposed slaves that their master was in search of them. This surely was not treason, and neither constituted a legal nor a moral offence. Williams did not participate in, advise, counsel or countenance, in any way whatever, the violence which took place at Christiana.

The Commissioner, as the result of the examination, committed Williams to take his trial for treason.

CITY POLICE, Oct. 2.—*Kissing and Crockery.*—Jacob Mintzel, a gay young Dutchman, had fallen into a double delinquency, and thereby subjected himself to a twofold accusation, to wit: firstly, he had broken a pitcher of brown earthenware, valued at 37½ cents, the property of Christopher Ditmer, and, secondly, he had stolen a kiss, valued at $4 62½, from the wife of the said Christopher. Ditmer had made out his bill of damages in the most regular and business-like form, thus:

Oct. 1, 1851.

Mr. Jacob Mintzel,
To Christopher Ditmer, Dr.

To von pitcher, proke up,	37½
" " kiss stole,	$4 62½
	$5 00
Cr. von per calfskin boots,	2 75
Balance,	$2 25

Ditmer keeps an oyster cellar, where Mrs. D. does the frying, washing and stewing, and attends to the bar. Mintzel, having swallowed a plateful of oysters, and three glasses of strong beer, laid down a quarter, out of which he was to receive three cents change; but, Mrs. Ditmer having no coppers in the till, and none of the new three-cent coinage, Mintzel proposed to square the account by taking a kiss from the scarlet lips of the fair barkeeper. Mrs. D. replied, with becoming spirit, that she "didn't kish no man for any sich moneys;" but Mr. M. was not repulsed by this modest answer. He persevered, and received a slap on the face for his presumption. Then Mr. Mintzel did as all good children are directed to do—returned "a kiss for a blow;" the earthen pitcher being broken in the slight struggle which preceded the rapturous conquest. When Ditmer called him to an account for the outrage, Mintzel, whose trade is shoemaking, gave the injured husband the pair of boots credited in the bill, and this peace-offering seemed to be satisfactory at the time. However, after reflecting on the subject for four-and-twenty hours, Ditmer thought the kiss was worth something more than a pair of pegged boots, and took measures to have Mintzel arrested. When asked by what rule he estimated the kiss at exactly four dollars sixty-two and a half cents, he replied that he intended to charge five dollars, but as he and Mintzel had known each other for a long time, he had deducted the three-levies for old acquaintance sake. Mintzel finding that he was in danger of a lawsuit for an assault on Mrs. Ditmer, made a compromise by paying the balance of the account, which was properly receipted for by Mr. Ditmer, and the affair was concluded by shaking of hands and protestations of renewed friendship.—*Pennsylvanian.*

THE DRY WEATHER.—The following statistics of the drought, gleaned from the register kept at the Pennsylvania Hospital, will doubtless prove interesting. During the three months of July, August and September, of this year, only 6 inches and 21-100ths of rain have fallen. The average of these three months, from 1825 to 1850, inclusive, is 11 inches 75-100ths, so that the amount for the three months of the present year is 5½ inches less than the average. During the whole twenty-six years there has been but one instance where the dry weather approached that of the present year. That was in 1848, when 6 inches and 8-10ths of rain fell in the months of July, August and September.

During the same months of 1843, there were 19 inches and 65-100ths, and in the previous year 16 inches 86-100ths. Of the rain that fell during July last, 1 inch and 35-100ths fell on the third of that month; so that from that day up to the present, only 4 inches and 86-100ths have fallen. The least amount of rain in any one month, during the period alluded to, was ½ of an inch, in September, 1842, and the greatest, 11 inches 80-100ths, in July, 1842.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 136—adults 75, and children 61.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	105	—	Mechanics	27	27½
" '62	109	—	Southwark	70	—
" '67	115	115½	Kensington	60	—
" '68	115½	116	P Township	29	—
" 5s '53	101	—	Girard	11½	12
July div. off			Western	63	—
" 5s '51	98	—	Man & Mechs	27	—
Jan int off			Bk of Com	48	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	58	60
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	53	54
Philada 6s	102	102½	Tren Bk Co	25	—
" 5s	90	90½	Pitts'bg Bk	54	—
" Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	54½	—
County 5s	95½	96	Exchange, Pitts	51	—
Penna 6s	100	100½	Com, Cin	15	—
" 5s	90½	91	Louis, Ky	105	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Kentucky Bk	102	102½
Tennessee 6s	80½	81	Northern	100½	101
Illinois 6s	61	64	Union, Tenn	70	71
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters, Tenn	—	70
TexasT Notes	31	33	Vicksburg	10	12½
" bds 6s	33	34½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	34	35	N O Gas Bk	—	111
" Int	—	—	Schuyl Nav	11	13
Lehigh N 6s	78	75½	Lehigh Nav	29	30
" Int loan	94½	95	C & Del Cl	160	168
" Mort 6s	95	96	Morris Cl	13½	13¾
C & D Cl 6s	96	97	Penn&Ohio Cl	28½	30
C & Am R bds	97	98	Union Cl	9½	10½
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	104	141
Susquh Cl 6s	56½	57	Penna R	40½	40¾
Norrist'n R 6s	95	—	Bea Mdw R	16	16½
Harris R 6s	92½	93	Lykens Val R	15	—
Wil R 6s	89	89½	North Am Cl	13	15
Read R 6s	68½	69½	Susquh Cl	12½	14
" Mort 6s	78	79½	Norristown R	39	40
U S Bk Notes	90	—	Harrisburg R	42	42½
U S Bk Shares	1	1¼	Wilmington R	27	29
N Amer Bk	135	137	Reading R	26½	27
Penna Bk	108½	109	Minehill R	64	65
Philadelphia	125	128	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Far & Mec	68	68½	Flem Copper	1	—
Commercial	57	57½	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	49	51	N W Min Co	28	29½

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS,
No. 26 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, October 11, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	15 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	1a2 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
State bk New Bruns	1 dis
Newark	1 dis
Morris county	1 dis
Middletown Point	1 dis
Orange	1 dis
Belvidere	1 dis
Rahway	1 dis
Dover	1
Perth Amboy	failed
Peoples, Paterson	failed
Farmers and Mech bk, N. Brun.	2 dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Yard. Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
Del City bk under 5's	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	failed
Cecil bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	failed
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	par a½ dis
Solv. country banks	½ a1 dis
James bank	30 dis
Farmers, Mina	30 dis
Western, White Creek	30 dis
New Rochelle	90 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis

VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
Pawtucket bk	failed
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Phoenix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	3 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches	2 dis
Far bk & branches	2 dis
Valley bk & branch	2 dis
Ex bk & branches	2 dis
Wheeling	2 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So West R R	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bk of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	3 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent bks	3 dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	2 dis
Small notes	3½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent bks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	2 dis
Small notes	3½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent bks	2 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent bks	3 dis
Bk East Tenn.	10 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bk of St. Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	2 dis
Gov. Stock bk	uncertain
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners bank	—

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 6.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,500 head. Beeves are selling from $5,50 to 6,75 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 500 head in market, and sold from $5,50 to 6¼ per 100 lbs. Cows—About 150 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $15 to 30. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4; the latter from $1 to 2, according to quality.

DROWSINESS, Swimming of the Head, a roaring noise in the ears, headache, palpitation of the heart, &c. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for the above unpleasant complaints, because they purge from the body those stagnant and corrupt humors which, when floating in the general mass of the circulation, are the cause of a rush of blood to the head, giddiness, dimness of sight, drowsiness, pain of the head, and many other symptoms of a loaded and corrupt state of the blood.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are also one of the very best medicines in the world for the cure of indigestion, and therefore will not only remove the above unpleasant symptoms, but will most assuredly restore the body to a sound state of health.

Beware of Counterfeits!—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canada.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1851.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
				D. H. M.
11 Saturday	6 24	5 36	2 50	
12 Sunday	6 25	5 35	3 41	
13 Monday	6 26	5 34	4 28	
14 Tuesday	6 26	5 32	5 15	First 1 9 39
15 Wed'day	6 29	5 31	6 6	Full 10 1 44
16 Thursday	6 30	5 30	6 59	Last 17 7 26
17 Friday	6 31	5 29	7 54	New 24 10 25
18 Saturday	6 32	5 28	8 51	First 31 2 33

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	28,	62	70	73
	29,	59	65	66
	30,	56	64	65
Oct.	1,	55	62	65
	2,	53	61	64
	3,	60	65	66
	4,	60	64	66

Marriages.

At Haddonfield, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. A. B. Patton, AARON REED, M. D., of Pemberton, to Mrs. EMMA E. SMITH, daughter of Hon. Benj Oliphant, of Ocean County, New Jersey.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. JOSIAH MINNICK, of Montgomery county, to Miss ELIZA A. STILL, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 26th of June, by the same, Mr. JAMES A. YEATTS, to Miss ELIZA F. GAMBLE, all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. SAMUEL CAMPBELL, to Miss MARY PERRY.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. John Coleman, JACOB F. GREAR, to Miss MARY J. LOWERY, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Chas Gilpin, Mayor, JEREMIAH BONSAL, to MARGARET F. daughter of Robert Hutchinson, all of this city.

On the 20th June, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. DANIEL B. FREDERICKS, to Miss HANNAH M. NEWMAN, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. JOHN B. STOWE, of Baltimore, Md. to Miss ELIZABETH BINES, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Mr. WILLIAM E. COUSINS, of this city, to Miss SARAH A. HARRINGTON, formerly of Smyrna, Del.

On the 23th ult. by the Rev. P. Peirote, Mr. JOHN D. ROSENBERGER, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELIZABETH JOHNSON, of Marlborough, Montgomery county, Pa.

In West Chester, on the 25th ult. Mr. JOHN E. CHALFANT, of York, Pa. to Miss MARY OLLIS, of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. James Cunningham, Mr. WILLIAM BELL, to Miss DORCAS E. daughter of Robert Wright, Esq. all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. V. Allison, Mr. FREDERICK BERNHOLTZ, of Blockley, Pa. to Miss PHEBE BURNWOOD, of Philadelphia.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Naefer, Mr. GEORGE DECKER, to Miss LOVINE NEWCOMMER, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. R. W. Morris, Mr. MAURICE LEVERING, to Miss MARY A. RUSSELL, all of Manayunk.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Wm. Ramsey, Mr. GEORGE W. HARVEY, to MARY A. STUART, all of this city.

In Washington, D. C. on the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. William B. Edwards, Mr. FRANCIS J. GIBSON, of Philada. to Miss SARAH J. HALL, of the former place.

Deaths.

At his residence, near Burlington, N. J. on the 30th Sept. THOMAS DEACON, in the 90th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. SARAH, wife of Chas. M. Taylor.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. MARTHA HAGY, aged 44.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH SHYMAN, aged 75.

On the 30th ult. GEORGE W. WYATT, aged 42.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. REBECCA NORTH, aged 78.

On the 1st inst. Mr. DANIEL TOBRINE, aged 70.

On the 30th ult. RINIER, son of the late Capt. R. Skeate.

On the 29th ult. JOSEPH SIMS, Esq. aged 91.

On the 30th ult. CAROLINE A. daughter of the late Peter Augustin.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. CATHERINE KIMBLE, aged 93.

On the 30th ult. SARAH J. CARPENTER, aged 19.

On the 29th ult. CARLETON S. M'KEE, aged 29.

On the 30th ult. MARY E. DENISON, aged 3 years.

On the 30th ult. JOHN T. son of John and Mary J. Smiley, aged 6 months.

On the 30th ult. ELIZABETH daughter of Wm. and Susannah Fenimore, aged 14 years.

On the 30th ult. MARGARET daughter of the late Wm. and Margaret Lovett, aged 4 years.

On the 1st inst. JOHN MOONEY, aged 39 years.

On the 1st inst. SUSAN, wife of Thos Mullen, aged 53 years.

On the 30th ult. WILLIAM SMITH, son of Stephen and Mary A. Barcus, aged 7 months.

On the 30th ult. WILLIAM LEE, aged 20 years.

On the 30th ult. JOHN, son of John and Isabella Ferguson, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 1st inst. Miss ANNE CALLAGHAN, aged 21.

On the 29th ultimo, at Newark, N. J., GEORGE W. PATTERSON aged 36 years.

On the 27th ult. HOWARD D. ENGLISH, son of R. P. and Amie L. Jones, aged 3 months.

On the 28th ult. Mr. FRANCIS APPLEGATE aged 46.

On the 28th ult. MARGERY MCANERY, aged 65.

On the 29th ult. Mr. JACOB STAUFFER, aged 48.

On the 28th ult. BENJ. ROBINSON, aged 73 years.

On the 29th ult. GEORGE LAWSON, aged 28.

On the 30th ult. SARAH JANE, daughter of Samuel and Martha Carter, aged 16 months.

On the 30th ult. MARY DOUGHERTY, aged 70.

On the 28th ult. WILLIAM ABRAHAM, son of Wm. and Catharine Henry, aged 6 years and 5 months.

On the 29th ult. EDWARD DUGAN, aged 35 years.

On the 26th ult. HANNAH S. wife of Jos. H. Lambert, aged 25 years.

DEATHS IN CALIFORNIA.

At Grass Valley, August 3d, Wm. Mounger, formerly from Washington county, Ala., aged about 30 years.

In Nevada, John Hernandez, aged 33 years.

In Sonora, 10th August, Wm. T. Brown, aged 41 years.

At Jacksonville, Aug. 11, Mr. Joseph Y. Adams, in his 27th year.

At Rocky Chuck, Aug. 9, was drowned, Michael Bender, from Carlisle, Pa.

In San Francisco, Aug. 18, Herschel Camp, late of New York city, aged 61 years.

On the 17th Sept. Mr James Forrest, formerly of Illinois, about 34 years of age.

Alfred Rundlet, of Portsmouth, N. H.

Drowned, on the 11th Sept. Mr. Robert Hood.

At Union Bar, August 17th, Almon F. Towne, of Vermont.

At Sonora, on the 21st, Mrs. Sarah Woodbridge, wife of John R. Woodbridge.

At Oregon City, Mrs. Mary Burnsides, aged 67 years.

In Auburn, on the 15th Sept. Mr. Douglas Ringham, aged 27 years.

August 26th, Elizabeth F. Hurd, youngest daughter of Capt. N. Crosby, Sr. of Oregon City, and late of Brewster, Mass.

At Saucelito, on the 17th Sept. Holden R. Hill, late of Baltimore, aged 44 years.

At Astoria, Oregon, Aug. 3d, Marcus Mackey, formerly of Wisconsin.

On the Tuolumne River, Sherman Washburn, from Colchester, Conn. aged 25 years.

In San Francisco.—Aug. 13th, Jas. B Redman, 4 years, New Albany, Ia; 13th, Mary Ann Wood, 3 months, San Francisco; 14th, Matthias Louis, 51 years, Va; 14th, Wright B. Dickinson, 41, N. H; 15th, Louis K. Burton, 3 months, San Francisco; 15th, Alex. Simmons, Georgia; 15th, Ah Kohn, 22, China; 16th, Sarah Jane Donovan, 3 months; 16th, John J. R. De Puy, 29, New York; 17th, Alexander Bell, 36, New York; 17th, Guadaloupe, 23, Mexico; 17th, John Floose, 27, Hamburg; 18th, Christiana Cummins, 26, New Zealand; 18th, Ametta Brown, 9 years, 4 months, San Francisco; 21st, Mrs. Bane, 40, Germany; 21st, Jaques Malchion, 35, France; 21st, Jules Banchery, 32, France; 23d, Sean P. Byrque, 40, France; 23d, C. J. Crittenden, 41, Boston; 23d, Wm. Briggs, Jr 7 weeks, San Francisco; 21d, Man Tie, 45, China; 24th, Mary Highlands, 37, Scotland; 24th M. J. Harrenden, 78, Mass; 25th, Aloup Barnard, 40, Mexico; 25th, Charles N. Sanley, 22, New Orleans; 25th, Saml. Whitaker; 25th, Robert McKenzie; 26th, James Philips, 40, Boston; 26th, Lucas, 1 year, Sydney; 26th, James McKut, 30, Ireland; 26th, Danl. McLean, 32, Ireland; 26th, Ah Quoy, 30, China.

MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world, the WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATION. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering, and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine, to be the most elegant, scientific and salutary preparation now in use, and as a

DEPURATIVE REMEDY

seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula, and all the various disease arising from an

IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.

ALSO ALL

BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,

and is used with unprecedented success in all cases of FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY, Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system, and also for the cure of the

LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, COUGHS, ETC.

Those affected with Chronic Diseases of whatever form, will find this medicine not only pleasant to the taste, but a certain cure, if it be within the power of remedial agents to affect their disease.

It is composed of medicines so happily combined, as to tend directly to give tone to the stomach and bowels, excite to healthy action the Liver and the whole Glandular System, allay Nervous Irritability, and promote the free action of the Lungs, thus rendering it applicable to all diseases of a

CHRONIC NATURE.

It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all climates, and at all seasons of the year.

Prepared only by G. MORSE & CO., at 169 Fountain Street, Providence, R. I., and sold by thousands all over the United States, Canada, &c.

General Agent—T. W. DYOTT & Sons, 132 North Second Street, Sole Agents for Philadelphia, and General Wholesale Agents for the United States.

feb 1-ly

CAMBLOS & BROTHER,
EXCHANGE BANKERS,
No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.

BILLS, NOTES and DRAFTS, throughout the United States, will be promptly collected; and EXCHANGE on all the Principal Cities, furnished at the lowest possible rates. jan4-ly

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, (eighteen lines,) first insertion,	$2.00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1.00
For one square 6 months,	$20.00
For one square, a year,	$40.00

☞ Payment is required in advance.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON,
THE GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH,

BEGS most respectfully to intimate that he will have the honor of visiting PHILADELPHIA in OCTOBER, and will give a series of his

GRAND DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT ET SOIREES MYSTERIUSE,

At the MUSICAL FUND HALL, LOCUST STREET, which have created for the past seven weeks in New York, an unparalleled *furore*. oct4-3t

Full details will be given in future announcements.

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Located in Filbert Street, above Eleventh,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE LECTURES OF THE REGULAR course will commence annually, on the second Monday of October and continue until the first of March ensuing.

Amount of Fees for a full course of Lectures,	$100 00
Students who have attended two full courses in other schools,	20 00
Matriculation fee, paid only once,	5 00
Practical Anatomy,	10 00
Graduation fee,	30 00

☞ The commencement will take place early in March.

FACULTY.

WALTER WILLIAMSON, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, and Therapeutics.

WM. S. HELMUTH, M. D., Professor of Homœopathic Institutes and the Practice of Medicine.

SAMUEL FREEDLY, M. D., Professor of Botany and Medical Jurisprudence.

CHARLES NEIDHARD, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine.

JOSEPH G. LOOMIS, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children.

ALVAN E. SMALL, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Pathology.

MATTHEW SEMPLE, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

FRANCIS SIMS, M. D., Professor of Surgery.

WM. A. GARDINER, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.

J. R. PETHERBRIDGE, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

WM. A. GARDINER, M. D., Dean.
No. 303 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
oct4-4t

DRY GOODS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
ADAMSON & ROBERTS.
THOS. ADAMSON, T. ELLWOOD ROBERTS,

HAVE just opened and are constantly receiving at No. 246 North SECOND Street, between Callowhill and Willow, a new and handsome assortment of FANCY and STAPLE DRY GOODS, consisting in part of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, Black and Fancy Dress Silks, English and French Merinoes, Mous De Laines, Cashmeres, Linens, Furnishing Goods, &c., which they intend selling at the lowest cash prices, and to which the attention of those wishing to purchase is respectfully invited. oct4-3m

DR. SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL!
THE ONLY CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

SCARPA'S COMPOUND ACOUSTIC OIL for the cure of Deafness, Pains, and the discharge of matter from the Ears. Also, all those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c., &c., which are symptoms of approaching Deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear-trumpets, have, after using two or three bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and Surgeons highly recommend its use.

A physician in extensive practice in Delaware has sent for half a dozen bottles, and says that his father, who has been deaf for a number of years, has been cured by using this Oil, and that he, the Doctor, shall for the future use it in his practice, as he has seen such wonderful benefit accrue from its application.

Read the following from the Philadelphia Public Ledger:—

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED IT?—If not, do not delay another day, but send immediately; if you have been one of the wise and prudent, and already bought a bottle, the question is settled; you have recovered your hearing. *Scarpa's Oil for Deafness* never fails. It is the only medicine that will cure. Thousands of deaf persons will give their testimony in its favor. The beauty of the thing is, that it cures you without producing any pain.

This medicine has cured more persons, and is now used more extensively than all other medicines combined, for the cure of Diseases of the Ear. The certificates are numerous, and of the highest authority.

☞ ALSO, DOCTOR JACKSON'S PILE AND TETTER EMBROCATION.—This may be considered a specific, and is warranted to cure. It not only immediately allays pain and inflammation, stops all bleeding, subdues that intolerable itching, but effectually cures, in a very short time, persons whose lives have been rendered miserable for years! Its application produces no pain, but rather an agreeable and pleasant sensation.—Call or send for a list of cures, and you will be astonished. These medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 84 Chesnut St., and Lowden & Co., 84 Arch St., Phila. Also, by A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton St., New York; Carter & Co., Hanover St., Boston; S. S. Hance, Baltimore; Alex. Jaynes, Pittsburg; J. W. Sheppard, and J. D. Parke, Cincinnati; R. & J. Adams, St. Louis; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Santos & Co., Norfolk, and by other authorized agents.
je 21-eow13t

HOE'S CAST STEEL CIRCULAR AND LONG SAWS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture from the best cast steel, CIRCULAR SAWS, from two to five feet diameter. These Saws are carefully hardened and tempered, and are ground and finished by machinery designed expressly for the purpose, and are therefore much superior in truth and uniformity of surface to those ground in the usual manner. They require less set, less power to drive them, and are not so liable to become heated, and produce a saving in timber.

They also manufacture Cast Steel MILL, PITT and CROSS CUT SAWS and BILLET WEBS, of superior quality, all of which they have for sale at their ware rooms, Nos. 29 and 31 Gold street, or they may be obtained of the principal hardware merchants in the United States.

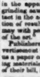
R. HOE & CO.,
Printing Press, Machine and Saw Makers,
29 and 31 Gold street, N. York.

The following extract is from a report made by a committee of scientific and practical gentlemen, appointed by the American Institute:

"Your committee are of unanimous opinion, that in the apparatus invented by Mr. R. M. Hoe, for grinding saws, he has displayed great ingenuity and tact in the adaptation of machinery to the production of results in the manufacture of Saws, which may with propriety be denominated the *ne plus ultra* of the art." aug2-6m

Publishers of Newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times with this note, and forward us a paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials, by purchasing four times the amount of their bill, for the advertisement.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of

WATCHES,

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from	$60 to 120
" " 18 carat cases from	30 to 120
Silver "	15 to 30
Lepine	10 to 15

And others at lower rates than the above.

JEWELRY,

Gold Chains of every pattern and variety.
Medalions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings do.

SILVER WARE.

This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order.
Table, Dessert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.
Table, Dessert and Tea Forks.
Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c. Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE.

A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE.

Beautiful Pattern Tea Setts at low prices. Also, Urns and Water Kettles, Castor cut Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.

S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut Street, between Second and Third, (south side,) Phila.
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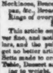
CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



On hand a large assortment and constantly receiving a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware at No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry, Philadelphia, at the following low prices:

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case, $28.00 and over.
Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, 18 carat case, $20.00 and over.
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, $12.00 and over.
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, $9.00 and over.
Silver Quartier Watches, from $4.00 to 9.00 and over.
Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.00 and over.
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.
" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over.
" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over.
Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.

STAUFFER & HARLEY,
Successors to O. Conrad,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry
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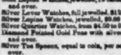

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
S. E. CORNER OF SIXTH AND BROWN STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—Omnibusses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes.

aug16-tf WM. D. ROGERS.

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,
CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$5 00 TO $26
VESTS,	1 00 " 6
PANTALOONS,	1 50 " 9

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. [illegible]

CITY CABINET WAREHOUSE,
173 CHESNUT STREET,
OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE HALL.

CABINET WARE,
CURTAINS AND UPHOLSTERY,
ROSEWOOD DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE,
NEW STYLE
FAVORITE DESIGNS NOW IN VOGUE IN
PARIS,
FOR SALE IN SETTS, AS IMPORTED, OR MADE TO ORDER FROM THE SAMPLES WHICH ARE REGULARLY RECEIVED.
PLAIN FURNITURE,
WALNUT, MAHOGANY, OAK, AND OTHER WOODS.

The largest Stock of well made Furniture in the Country. All constructed of Seasoned materials and made by the best workmen.

CURTAINS,
BROCATELLE, SATIN, SATIN LAINE AND OTHER MATERIALS FOR SALE, AND CURTAINS HUNG IN STYLE EQUAL TO ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT.
BOUDOIR PIANOS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
GEORGE J. HENKELS,
NO. 173 CHESNUT STREET.
aug23-1y

DR. D. JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient alterative and deobstruent properties for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, WHITE SWELLINGS, ULCERS, SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS AND INDOLENT TUMORS, MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, GOITRE or BRONCHOCELE, (swelled neck.) Enlargement and ULCERATIONS of the Bones, Joints, Glands, or Ligaments, or of the Ovaries, Uterus, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c. All the various Diseases of the Skin, such as TETTER or SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, BOILS, PIMPLES, CARBUNCLES, SORE EYES, &c., DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, DROPSY AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS, and Diseases originating from a depraved or IMPERFECT STATE OF THE BLOOD, or other fluids of the body. All diseases of a mixed or complicated character. Also, many affections PECULIAR TO FEMALES, as Suppression, Irregularity, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Sterility, Ovarian and Uterine Dropsy, &c., &c.

BRONCHOCELE or GOITRE. (*Swelled Neck.*)

In hundreds of cases of GOITRE, in which this ALTERATIVE has been faithfully and perseveringly used, it has never failed, in a single instance, to completely remove the disease. NOT A SOLITARY CASE OF FAILURE. All were cured who continued its use according to the directions. The success it has met with in curing Bronchocele and Scrofulous Affections is a convincing proof that those dangerous and horrible diseases may be removed with as much certainty as Fever and Ague. And that there is good reason, for believing that this preparation will not only cure those diseases when formed, but that it DESTROYS THE VIRUS OR POISONOUS PRINCIPLE lurking in the system, from which that peculiar class of diseases emanates.

CANCER AND CANCEROUS AND SCIRRHUS-TUMORS.

For these affections this ALTERATIVE is the only medicine that has ever been known, on which the smallest reliance could be placed. It has been tried in a great many cases of this class of diseases, and although it has not in every instance been entirely successful, yet the average proportion of its cures have been at least two out of every three.

CHOREA—ST. VITUS' OR ST. ANTHONY'S DANCE.

A large number of well authenticated and hopeless cases of this disease have been cured by the use of this valuable Alterative.

COMPLICATED AND MIXED DISEASES.

Cases frequently occur in which the patient appears to be laboring under several diseases at one and the same time, causing much anxiety and embarrassment in the treatment. This Alterative has frequently been used in such cases with very beneficial results.

DISEASES OF THE HEART.

This ALTERATIVE, used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, has proved of immense value in many affections of the HEART, as Enlargement, [not Aneurism] Dropsy of the Pericardium, or sack, which surrounds the heart, Ossification of the Auricles or Ventricles of the Heart or of the Valves of the Aorta, or large Arteries, Metastasis, or translation of Neuralgia, Gout, or Rheumatism to the heart, &c. It causes the bony substance or water deposited in and about the heart to be absorbed and carried away, reducing the heart to its natural and healthy condition.

DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.

This medicine is considered by many physicians who have used it as a SPECIFIC in DROPSY. It increases the power of Digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise, by which the WATERY OR CALCAREOUS DEPOSITIONS and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. It imparts tone and vitality to the whole system, removing sick and morbid headaches, giddiness, wandering pains, and nervous affections.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

It has been used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, in numerous cases of LIVER COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA, and with the happiest effect.

ENLARGEMENTS OF THE BONES, JOINTS, RHEUMATISM, &c.

Frequently, after attacks of Gout, Neuralgia, Rickets, &c., the Bones, Ligaments, and Joints become more or less enlarged. In these affections, the ALTERATIVE has repeatedly been successful after all other means had failed. ☞ See Catalogue of Diseases in Medical Almanac.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE ABDOMEN.

A lady from Pittsburg was put under my care and treatment for an Enlargement of the Abdomen, which had been constantly increasing for upwards of two years. The enlargement was so great that when she was in a sitting position, the abdomen came beyond and rested upon her knees. In her case the bowels were regulated by the SANATIVE PILLS—the ALTERATIVE constantly given all the time, three times a day, and towards the last she drank daily from a half to three half-pints of an infusion of Uvi Ursi leaves. This treatment restored her to perfect health in about five months.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE OVARIES.

A lady of Chester county, Pa., who had long been severely afflicted with an immense Enlargement of the Ovaries, which appeared to fill the entire cavity of the Abdomen, was entirely cured by using the ALTERATIVE, according to the directions, for between five and six months.

EPILEPTIC FITS.

By a persevering use of this ALTERATIVE, a large majority of cases of this dreadful disease have been cured.

FUNGUS HÆMATODES.

Several cases of this horrible disease have been cured by the use of this ALTERATIVE. ☞ See the case of John Lukens in the Medical Almanac.

GOUT.—A number of cases of GOUT have been cured by this preparation.

ULCERS of all kind, whether they be SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS, SCORBUTIC, or accidental, or whether of the *flesh, skin, mucous membranes* or *bones*, yield to the penetrating and healing influences of this ALTERATIVE.

MANIA FROM MELANCHOLY

May arise from many causes, but none more frequently than from disease of the Uterus, the Liver, or of the Digestive Organs. The ALTERATIVE is an invaluable remedy in such cases.

ERYSIPELAS, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, OR ROSE.

Innumerable certificates have been received of its curing the most inveterate and malignant cases of both Acute and Chronic Erysipelas.

MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS

Are removed by this preparation, after all other remedies have failed in giving the smallest relief.

MILK, OR WHITE LEG.

This disease is described by writers under the name of "*Phlegmasia Dolens.*" It is an exceedingly painful inflammation and swelling of one or more of the lower extremities, attended with more or less fever, to attacks of which ladies are liable immediately after their confinement, and, if not subdued at the onset, is apt to render those cripples for life.

This ALTERATIVE has never failed in a single instance to subdue this painful affection.

MUCOUS MEMBRANE, INFLAMMATION OF.

Chronic inflammation of the Mucous Membrane is of frequent occurrence, and is generally very tedious in its cure. It attacks the lining of the nose, ears, throat, windpipe, and other mucous surfaces, and is generally attended with a discharge, more or less offensive.

For this disease the ALTERATIVE is the only remedy on which any reliance can be placed.

NEURALGIA OR TIC DOLOREUX.

It has been used in many cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloreux, and always with success.

RHEUMATISM.

This preparation has been prescribed in a great many cases of Chronic Rheumatism, and in every case where it was used until the system became affected by the medicine, the disease was removed. Indeed, it seldom fails of completely subduing this disease.

SCALD HEAD. (TINEA CAPITAS.)

When used in conjunction with the external application of the HAIR TONIC, this ALTERATIVE is a never failing remedy for SCALD HEAD. ☞ See MEDICAL ALMANAC for proofs.

SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, &c.

Scrofula in all its multiplied forms, whether in that of King's Evil, Enlargement of the Glands, or Bones, Goitre, WHITE SWELLINGS, Chronic Rheumatism, Cancer, Diseases of the Skin, or Spine, or of Pulmonary Consumption, emanates from one and the same cause, which is a *poisonous principle*, or *virus*, inherent in the human system. Therefore, unless this principle be destroyed, no *radical* cure can be effected; but if the principle upon which the disease depends is removed, a cure must of necessity follow, no matter under what form the disease should manifest itself. This ALTERATIVE is almost always successful in removing those diseases, besides which, it destroys the *virus*, or poisonous principle from which those diseases have their origin, by entering into the circulation, and with the blood is conveyed to the minutest fibres; removing every particle of disease from the system.

SKIN DISEASES.

It has been prescribed in a great variety of Cutaneous Affections, and found successful in curing Salt Rheum, Tetter, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Morphew and Jaundiced Skin, &c. Also in Diseases and Discharges from the Lining Membrane of the Throat, Nose, and Ears, and from the Kidneys and Urinary Passages, Leucorrhœa, &c.

ULCERATION OF THE BONES.

This ALTERATIVE has far surpassed the expectations of the most ardent and sanguine, in its healing influence over ulcers of all kinds, particularly in ulcerations and exfoliation of the bones, &c. Of an immense number who have been cured, one only will be mentioned. It is the case of a young lady in New Jersey, who suffered many years with Scrofula of the Hip Joint, until at length it ulcerated through the bones into the bowels, so that their contents were frequently discharged through the openings formed by the disease, and after she had thus lain in a most deplorable and helpless condition for nearly two years, her father procured the ALTERATIVE, and gave her between 5 and 6 dozen of it, which restored her to health.

See also cases of Mrs. Lotts and Mrs. Ross.

WEAKNESS OF THE EYES.

In cases of weakness of the eyes, from want of power in the Optic Nerves, this ALTERATIVE has been found of immense value, as indeed it is in all cases of Nervous Debility. A lady of this city, by the name of Swayne, says that she had long suffered of weakness of the eyes, so much so as to compel her to confine herself for a whole year to a dark room, and afterwards her eyes remained so weak that she was obliged to shade them by wearing green or blue spectacles. She had been in this condition for a long time, when she was induced to use the ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, which not only cured her, but also strengthened her eyes, so that she was afterwards able to sew black satin, or broadcloth, by candle-light, without the aid of glasses.

FEMALE DISEASES.

In many affections peculiar to females, especially when arriving at maturity, or in the "decline or change of life," this ALTERATIVE is unsurpassed by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis, or retention, irregularity, painfulness, or suppression of customary evacuations; Ulcerated Scirrhous state of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, or Whites, Sterility, whether in consequence of local or general disease, or of local and general debility. In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, self-abuse, dissipation, or other excesses.

In fact, in every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 84 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, where may be had JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH, together with all his other "Family Medicines." aug9-3m

CHERRY PECTORAL
For the Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

THIS INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, has attained a celebrity from its remarkable cures, never equalled by any other medicine before. Other Preparations have shown themselves palliatives, and sometimes effected notable cures, but none has ever so fully won the confidence of every community where it is known. After years of trial in every climate, the results have indisputably shown it to possess a mastery over this dangerous class of diseases, which could not fail to attract the attention of physicians, patients, and the public at large.

See the statements, not of obscure individuals and from far distant places, but of men who are known and respected throughout the country.

The widely celebrated Surgeon, Doctor VALENTINE MOTT, of New York City, says:

"It gives me pleasure to certify the value and efficacy of 'AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,' which I consider peculiarly adapted to cure diseases of the throat and lungs."

DR. PERKINS, the venerable President of the Vermont Medical College, one of the eminently learned physicians of this country, writes, the CHERRY PECTORAL is extensively used in this section, where it has shown unmistakable evidence of its happy effects upon pulmonary diseases.

The Rev. JNO. D. COCHRANE, a distinguished Clergyman of the English Church, writes to the proprietor from Montreal, that "he has been cured of a severe asthmatic affection, by CHERRY PECTORAL." His letter at full length, may be found in our Circular, to be had of the Agent, and is worth the attention of asthmatic patients.

HANOVER, OHIO, April 3, 1850.

Dear Sir: I wish I could tell all that suffer with a cough, what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for me. It does seem they might be benefitted by the information. I had a lung fever which left my lungs weak and inflamed. Being very feeble and unable to gain strength at all, my friends thought I must soon sink in consumption. I had no appetite, and a dreadful cough was fast wearing me away. I began to take your beautiful medicine by the advice of a clergyman, who had seen its effects before. It eased my cough at first, and gave me rest at night. In less than a fortnight I could eat well, and my cough had ceased to be troublesome, my appetite returned, and my food nourished me, which soon restored my strength. Now, after five weeks, I am well and strong, with no other help than your Cherry Pectoral.

Yours, with respect, JULIA DEAN.

I hereby certify that the above statement of my wife is in conformity with my own views of her case and her cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

JOSEPH DEAN.

The above named Joseph Dean and Julia, his wife, are personally known to me, and implicit confidence may be placed in their statement.

SAMUEL C. VAN DERWENT,
Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per bottle. Six bottles for $5. sept6-7t

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.

The subscriber would beg leave to call the attention of the public to a large and fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., just received at the old stand, No. 16 North Sixth Street, which he will sell at prices to compete with any establishment in the United States.

WATCHES.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, $28 and upwards.
Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, do. do. $24 and upwards.
Silver Lever Watches, $12 and upwards.
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And others at lower prices than the above.

JEWELRY.

Gold Chains of every pattern and price, Medalions, double and single Glasses suitable for miniatures and Daguerreotypes.

Necklaces, Bracelets, Breast Pins, Ear and Finger Rings of every description and price.

Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver cases, Gold and Silver Pencils, &c.

Also, Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, Butter Knives, &c., equal to coin, and German Silver Tea, Desert and Table Spoons, &c., &c., all at the lowest prices.

Orders from the country, accompanied with the money, promptly attended to.

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J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing, Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c., &c.,
No. 204 Market Street below Sixth Street,
would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. jan18-ly

Selected Poetry.

EARLY LOVE.

BY W. B. B.

They met—and none were nigh but deemed
 They met, as met kind friends of yore;
So frank each careless aspect seemed,
 With mutual greetings gladdening o'er.

Their hands were joined, as if to hold
 In welcome grasp each other near,
And severing, left no blush that told
 Of more than usual pressure there.

They smiled; you would have thought the smile
 But came kind impulse from the heart,
Springing spontaneous thence, the while
 Its passing pleasure to impart.

They spoke—there was no faltering word
 That wavered from its proper tone—
No accent where a note was heard,
 That common parlance might not own.

They walked the garden, fresh with flowers;
 They gathered roses from their stem;
They talked of birds, and shrubs, and bowers,
 And only seemed to think of them.

And yet time was when other's looks,
 Or words, or smiles, or hands embraced,
Or flowers exchanged, were sibyl books,
 Where both their tenderest wishes traced.

But thus it is, that envious Age
 Denies to Love all outward sign,
Blotting his image from the page
 Where once he shone in every line.

Was Love still there? a hidden guest—
 A captive in some secret cell—
A traitor, trembling in the breast,
 That dared not of existence tell?

Was Love still there? Oh! had he left
 The lips, the eyes, each outward part,
Of all his tell-tale traits bereft,
 To lurk concealed within the heart?

Say, was he there? Had years of pain,
 Of sorrow, joy, ambition, pride,
Stript him of all his bright domain,
 In hopeless exile there to hide?

Or is he like that mystic fount
 That hid its current deep in earth,
But shone, whene'er it dared to mount,
 As bright and pure as at its birth?

Home Journal.

Selected Articles.

LORD BROUGHAM AS A JUDGE

Lord Brougham, as a judge, gave much greater satisfaction than was generally expected. It was thought that his constitutional precipitancy, joined to a deficiency of Chancery knowledge, would have incapacitated him for the important office. In this, however, people were mistaken. He was not so hot and hasty on the bench as he had been at the bar and in the senate—though his constitutional infirmities in this respect did occasionally show themselves even on the seat of justice. He carefully applied himself to the merits of every case which came before him, and soon showed with what rapidity he could acquire the quantity of Chancery knowledge requisite to enable him to discharge the duties of his office as judge, in at least a respectable manner.

Perhaps no Lord Chancellor ever presided in Chancery who applied himself more assiduously and unremittingly to the discharge of the duties which devolved upon him, than did Lord Brougham. The amount of physical, not to speak of mental labor, he underwent during the greater part of his chancellorship was truly astonishing. For many consecutive months did he sit from ten till four o'clock in that Court, hearing and disposing of the cases before it; and, on returning home from the House of Lords, after having sat four hours on the woolsack, he immediately applied all the energies of his mind to the then pending cases before the court. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact, that, though possessing, in a degree seldom equalled, and certainly never surpassed, the power of extemporaneous speaking, he wrote, on particular occasions, his judgments, and then read them in the Court. I might also advert, in proof of Lord Brougham's extraordinary application to the duties of his office, to the fact of his having, in two or three years, got rid of the immense accumulation of arrear cases which were in the Court of Chancery when he was first intrusted with the great seal. It is not, however, necessary to allude particularly to this fact, as it is already so well known.

Lord Brougham's irritable temper often led him, when Lord Chancellor, into squabbles with the counsel at the bar. The furious attack he made on Sir Edward Sugden must be fresh in the memory of every body. No person can justify that attack. It was as unwarrantable in principle as it was unseemly in a court of law, and especially as coming from the highest legal authority in the country. It is but due, however, to Lord Brougham to say, that he often regretted these unbecoming outbreaks of temper, and that he did so in this particular case. It consists with my own private knowledge that he afterward, on pretext of speaking of matters of public business, called Sir Edward one day into his private room, and made a most ample apology for the attack he had made on him. Sir Edward was generous enough to accept the apology, thus privately given, though the offence was a public one.

I may here, however, mention that, during the interval between the attack and this apology, Lord Brougham, on several occasions, aggravated the outrage by further annoyances of Sir Edward while practicing before him. I do not say that such annoyances were intentional—possibly they may have been accidental—but, whichever way the fact lay, it is not to be wondered at if Sir Edward, in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, was predisposed to regard them as intentional. On one occasion, while the learned gentleman was pleading before his lordship in a very important cause, and just in the middle of what he conceived to be the most essential part of his speech, Lord Brougham suddenly threw back his head on his chair, and, closing both eyes, remained in that position for some time, as if he had been asleep. Sir Edward Sugden abruptly paused, waiting, no doubt, till his lordship should resume an attitude which would be more encouraging for him to proceed with his speech. On this, Lord Brougham suddenly started up from his reclining position, and, resuming that in which he usually sat when on the bench, apostrophised Sir Edward after the manner so peculiar to himself—

"Go on, Sir Edward; proceed, Sir Edward; what's the cause of the stoppage?"

"My lord," answered the latter, "I thought your lordship was not attending to my argument."

"You have no right to think any such thing, Sir Edward; it's highly improper in you to do so; go on, if you please."

Sir Edward resumed his speech, but had not addressed the Court above two or three minutes, when Lord Brougham, addressing the officer, said, in his usual hasty manner—

"Bring me some sheets of *letter*-paper, directly."

Of the folio size always used in Court, his lordship had an abundant supply before him.

"Yes, my lord," said the obedient officer, withdrawing for a moment to execute his lordship's commands. He returned in a few seconds, and placed some half-dozen sheets on the desk.

His lordship immediately snatched up a pen, and commenced writing, as if he had been inditing a letter to some private friend.

Sir Edward again paused in his address to the Court, leaned with his elbows on the bench before him, as if willing to wait patiently until his lordship should finish his epistolary business.

"Sir Edward!" exclaimed the Lord Chancellor, in angry and ironical accents, after the learned gentleman had been silent for a few moments—"Sir Edward! pray what's the matter now?"

"I thought, my lord, that your lordship was temporarily engaged with some matter of your own."

"Really, Sir Edward, this is beyond endurance."

"I beg your lordship's pardon; but I thought your lordship was writing some private letter."

"Nothing of the kind, Sir Edward," said his lordship, tartly; "nothing of the kind. I was taking a note of some points in your speech.—See, would you like to look at it?" said he, sarcastically, at the same time holding out the sheet of paper toward Sir Edward.

"Oh, not at all, your lordship; I do not doubt your lordship's word. I must have been under a mistake."

Sir Edward again resumed; and Lord Brougham, throwing his head back on his chair, looked up toward the ceiling.

Lord Brougham had a great horror of hearing the interminable speeches which some of the junior counsel were in the habit of making, after he conceived everything had been said which could be said on the real merits of the case before the Court by the gentlemen who preceded them. His hints to them to be brief on such occasions were sometimes extremely happy. I remember that, after listening with the greatest attention to the speeches of two counsel on one side, from ten in the morning till half-past two, a third rose to address the Court on the same side. His lordship was quite unprepared for this additional infliction, and exclaimed—

"What, Mr. A——, are you really going to speak on the same side?"

"Yes, my lord; I mean to trespass on your lordship's attention for a short time."

"Then," said his lordship, looking the orator significantly in the face—"then, Mr. A——, you had better cut your speech as short as possible, otherwise you must not be surprised if you see me dozing; for really this is more than human nature can endure."

The youthful barrister took the hint; he kept closely to the point at issue—a thing very rarely done by barristers—and condensed his argument into a reasonable compass.

A RIDE ON A BUFFALO.

Captain Mayne Reid, in his new work, "The Scalp Hunters," tells the following rather adventurous story. In a journey across the prairie from St. Louis to Santa Fe, the hero, in camping out with a party of hunters, is suddenly surprised at night by the rush of a herd of many thousand buffalo, careering madly along together in a dense body across the plain, the *denouement* of which is thus described:

"I sprang to my feet, flinging aside my blanket. A fearful spectacle was before me. Away to the West, as far as the eye could reach, the prairie seemed in motion. Black waves rolled over its undulating outlines, as though some burning mountain was pouring down its lava upon the plains. A thousand bright spots flashed and flitted along the moving surface like jets of fire. The ground shook, men shouted, horses reared upon their ropes, neighing wildly. My dog barked and howled, running around me.

"For a moment I thought I was dreaming; but no, the scene was too real to be mistaken for a vision. I saw the border of the black wave within ten paces of me, and still approaching.—Then, and not till then, did I recognize the shaggy crests and glaring eyeballs of the buffalo.

"God of Heaven! I am in their track! I shall be trampled to death!

"It was too late to attempt an escape by running. I seized my rifle and fired at the foremost of the band. The effect of my shot was not perceptible. The water of the arroyo was dashed in my face. A huge bull, ahead of the rest, furious and snorting, plunged through the stream and up the slope. I was lifted and tossed high into the air. I was thrown rearwards, and fell upon a moving mass. I did not feel hurt nor stunned. I felt myself carried onward upon the backs of several animals, that, in the dense drove, ran close together. These, frightened at their strange burden, bellowed loudly, and dashed on to the front. A sudden thought struck me, and fixing on that which was most under me, I dropped my legs astride of him, embracing his hump, and clutching the long woolly hair that grew upon his neck. The animal 'routed' with extreme terror, and, plunging forward, soon headed the band.

"This was exactly what I wanted; and on we went over the prairie, the bull running at top speed, believing, no doubt, that he had a panther or a catamount between his shoulders.

"I had no desire to disabuse him of this belief; and lest he should deem me altogether harmless, and come to a halt, I slipped out my bowie, which happened to be 'handy,' and pricked him up whenever he showed symptoms of lagging. At every first touch of the 'spur' he roared out, and ran forward at a redoubled pace.

My danger was still extreme. The drove was coming on behind, with a front of nearly a mile. I could not have cleared it, had the bull stopped and left me on the prairie.

"Notwithstanding the peril I was in, I could not resist laughing at my own ludicrous situation; I felt as one does when looking at a good comedy.

"We struck through a village of 'prairie dogs.' Here I fancied the animal was about to turn back. This brought my mirth to a sudden pause; but the buffalo usually runs in a 'bee line,' and fortunately mine made no exception to the law. On he went, sinking to the knees, kicking the dust from the conical hills, snorting and bellowing with rage and terror.

"The 'Flam buttes' were directly in the line of our course. I had seen this from the start, and knew that if I could reach them I would be safe. They were nearly three miles from the bluff where we had bivouacked; but in my ride I fancied them ten.

"A small one rose over the prairie, several hundred yards nearer than the main heights.—Towards this I pricked the foaming bull in a last stretch; and he brought me cleverly within a hundred yards of its base.

"It was now time to take leave of my dusky companion. I could have slaughtered him as I leaned over his back. My knife rested upon the most vulnerable part of his huge body. No! I would not have slain that buffalo for the Koh-i-noor!

"Untwisting my fingers from his thick fleece, I slipped down over his tail, and without as much as saying 'Good Night,' ran with all my speed towards the knoll. I climbed up, and, sitting down upon a loose boulder of rock, looked out over the prairie.

"The moon was still shining brightly. My late companion had halted not far from where I had left him, and stood glaring back with a look of extreme bewilderment. There was something so comical in the sight, that I yelled with laughter as I sat securely on my perch."

THE AFRICAN DOCTOR.

The Caffres are so exceedingly superstitious, that the more cunning members of their community take advantage of a weakness common to all, but possessed in a greater degree by some than by others. The system of "eating up," as it is called, arises from the prevalence of superstition, and may be thus described:—

A man, who, from his knowledge of herbs and practice among the sick, is considered and denominated a doctor, entertains, perhaps, a spite against some individual. He hears that another is sick—if a chief, so much the better for his purpose—or perhaps he may employ some nefarious means to injure the health of a man by whom he intends to be employed. The chief, then, falls sick—naturally or by foul means; meanwhile, the "doctor" has not been idle: he has carried to some hiding-place some herbs, stones, and roots, bits of skin, or something of this kind, and buried it in a nook. Soon after comes the summons for him. He goes. The patient is suffering, and the mode of questioning the sick man is singular enough. With a grave face and solemn air, the doctor begins his inquiries: "Does his head ache?" "No." "Has he a sore throat?" "No." "Pain in the arms?" "No." "In the shoulders?" "No." And so on, till the part affected is touched.—Then the pain is acknowledged, and there is a long pause. No one ventures to speak, save the doctor and the patient. At last the former asks the invalid who has bewitched him? All disease is looked upon as the effect of magic, from their total ignorance of a Providence. The patient replies he does not know. It is not improbable, indeed, he may be leagued with the doctor; or, if he be a chief, that he may have resolved on possessing himself with some poor dependent's cattle, and therefore has bribed the doctor to assist him in his scheme. All the inhabitants of the kraal are summoned. They come. Perhaps they expect a feast, unless they are aware of the chief's illness. The doctor moves through the assembly, examines the countenances of this man and that, retires, deliberates, returns, and at last points out the unfortunate man who has already been devoted to ruin. The victim protests his innocence. It is of no avail. The wise doctor can prove where he has hidden the charm which works the mischief. He goes to the nook where he himself has concealed it. The people follow. Wonderful!—he discovers it—brings it to the chief, who orders the victim to pay so many head of cattle, the tax imposed being always so heavy as to injure the unfortunate creature beyond redemption. Frequently he is condemned to death; and frightful cruelties are to this day practiced on men and women accused of witchcraft, who, with their heads smeared with honey, are bound down on an ant-hill, and at their feet a blazing fire. Unable to move, they lie for days enduring this torture, till they are released or die. In the former case, even, they are crippled for life. A case came to my knowledge in which a rain-maker—a character similar to that of the doctor, but whose business is curing the weather—caused a poor creature to be put to death; and, strange to say, on the following day, though we had not had a drop of rain for nearly four months, and were very short of water, the torrents which fell deluged the country, and filled the banks and rivers beyond what had been seen for a considerable time.—*The Cape and the Caffres.*

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.—Many silly things have been written, and are now written, concerning the equality of the sexes; but that true and perfect companionship, which gives both man and woman complete freedom *in* their places, without a restless desire to go out of them, is as yet imperfectly understood. The time will come when it will be seen that the moral and intellectual condition of woman must be, in exact correspondence with that of man, not only in its general aspect, but in its individual manifestations; and then it will be perceived that all this discussion about relative superiority, is as idle as a controversy to determine which is most important to the world, the light of the sun or the warmth of the sun.

THE TRUE RING.

"I am a Jew," said Nathan to the Sultan.

"And I am a Mussulman," replied Saladin.

"The Christian is between us. Which of these three is right? Take your own time to consider, then answer me; if correctly, it is well—the first office in my gift is yours; if wrong, your head shall pay the penalty."

The Jew saw at once the snare that was laid for him, for should he decide that the religion of the Jew was right, it would reflect upon the Sultan; if in favor of Islamism, he condemned himself; if for the Christian, he condemned both.

Therefore he begged permission, before deciding so important a question, to relate an Eastern tale that he had read in his youth, by way of preface. Permission was granted, and the Jew proceeded:

"There lived, in olden time, a man in the East, who had three sons, each of whom he loved tenderly, and in turn was loved and respected by them. In the family was a ring, which had been handed down from father to son from time immemorial.

"This ring was of great value, and contained an Opal of surpassing beauty, that reflected a hundred colors from its surface. It also possessed that peculiar charm, that whoever was its possessor could do no wrong.

"No difficulty had been heretofore experienced in the bestowment of the inestimable treasure, as there had never been but one male heir in the regular line of descent, and the ring had passed from sire to son, without any misgivings, without any heartburnings. But now the circumstances were altered. The father had three sons, and must choose between them. For a long time he anxiously watched their movements, their tempers, conversation, habits and duties; but no decision in favor of either could he arrive at; each was as kind and respectful as the others, each sought to do his father's will.

"The father finally sent for a distinguished goldsmith, and after showing him the *Opal ring*, inquired if he could make an exact copy, so that no one should be able to detect the counterfeit? Upon being assured in the affirmative, the father ordered two to be made. The rings were forthwith made, and so good was the imitation, that the most experienced eye could not tell the counterfeit from the original.

"The father, soon after, feeling the weight of years bearing heavily upon him, and being about to depart to the 'land of his fathers,' called his eldest son to him, and said:

"'My son, thou hast always been a kind and dutiful child to me, my wishes you have always anticipated; my wants regarded, my commands obeyed. I have not aught against thee; take this ring, in remembrance of thy father's love, and be happy.'

"He then called the second and third son, and said likewise. Then winding his mantle round him, he fell asleep.

"Not many days after, in this hitherto quiet and happy family, arose a spirit of strife and contention. The eldest son claimed to be the favored one of his father, and to have in his possession the *much coveted ring*. This was stoutly denied by the second, who laid claim to the honor himself, to the exclusion of his brothers. The youngest denounced both of his older brothers as cheats, who would gladly deprive him of that which he alone merited. The dispute waxing warm, it was finally agreed to refer the matter in dispute to a learned judge near by. At the appointed time, the parties met, and the eldest son commenced by saying,

"'May it please your Honor, I am the eldest son of my father. In our family was an Opal ring of great worth; such were its peculiar properties, that its possessor could do no wrong. It has passed through many generations, from father to son, always being bestowed upon the *eldest*. In accordance with 'established usage,' my father called me, on his death-bed, to his side, gave me his parting blessing, and handed me the treasure. For proof of my assertion, I have here the self-same ring in my possession.' At the same time he drew forth the *ring* from his bosom, and showed it to the judge.

"The second son now approached the judge, stated the reasons for a decision in his favor, and concluded by saying that his father had, with his last words, bequeathed to him the *Opal ring*. At this, he drew forth the ring, the *real one*, of which his brother's was but the counterfeit.

"The youngest, more impetuous than the others, grew impatient, and, drawing forth the ring in his possession, declared, on his oath, that his was the only *real* ring, and both of his brothers' were spurious; and, waxing wroth, he denounced them, for endeavoring, by fraud and deceit, to deprive him of the treasure his dying father had given him, as a token of the son's obedience and the father's love.

"When they had concluded, the judge arose, looked keenly at the brothers, then at the *three rings*, and then at the brothers again. For a few moments, he appeared lost in deep thought. Presently his countenance brightened, and addressing the brothers, he said,

"'Young men! there is a mystery connected with these rings that I cannot unravel. You all agree that there can be but *one* true ring—this one you all claim to have in your possession.—You also agree in saying that the possessor of the *true ring* can do no wrong. Now hear my decision; it is this:

"'*Do justly, love mercy, walk humbly*,—he that does no wrong, may consider himself as the possessor of the REAL OPAL RING.'

"The brothers, satisfied with the correctness of the decision, went away rejoicing, and ever after lived happily."

"Well, proceed!" said Saladin.

"I have done," replied the Jew.

"Aye! is this the answer to my question?"

"It is."

"Nathan! thou hast well answered; the *real ring* rightfully belongs to him who best deserves it. Thou shalt have thy reward."—*Translated for the American Union from the German of Lessing.*

NAPOLEON'S VIEWS OF CHRIST.

We recently noticed an account given by one of the pastors in this city, in a public discourse, of a conversation which passed between the Emperor Napoleon, after his banishment to St. Helena, and his faithful friend, Count de Montholon. The conversation was published not long since in a foreign journal. It is so well authenticated, and so interesting in itself, that we here present that portion of it which relates to Christ, to our readers.

"I know men," said Napoleon, "and I tell you that Jesus is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it marked individuality, which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited in Himself a perfect example of His precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher, for His proofs are miracles; and from the first His disciples adored Him. In fact learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world, to reveal the mysteries of Heaven and the laws of the Spirit.

"Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires; but on what foundation did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon love; and at this hour, millions of men would die for Him.

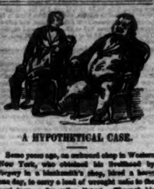
"It was not a day, or battle, that achieved the triumph of the Christian religion in the world. No, it was a long war, a contest for three centuries, begun by the apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war, all the kings and potentates of the earth were on one side, on the other I see no army, but a mysterious force, some men scattered here and there in all parts of the world, and who have no other rallying point than a common faith in the mystery of the cross.

"I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth, to become food for the worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the Eternal Kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth.—Call you this dying? Is it not living, rather? The death of Christ is the death of God."

Napoleon stopped at the last words, but Gen. Bertrand making no reply, the Emperor added; "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, then I did wrong to appoint you General!"—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

TWO MINISTERS IN BED.—Mr. Pitt's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bed-clothes. At his house at Hayes he slept in a long room, at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him, and read him a lecture. The Duke was sent for once, and came, when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room; the day was very chilly, and the Duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The Duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it as he got colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the Duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bed-clothes. A person, from whom I had the story, suddenly going in, saw the two ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room; while Pitt's long nose, and black beard unshaved for some days, added to the grotesqueness of the scene.—*Horace Walpole.*

Wit and Humor.



A HYPOTHETICAL CASE.

Some years ago, an awkward chap in Western New York, who obtained his livelihood by *forgery* in a blacksmith's shop, hired a horse one day, to carry a load of wrought nails to the next town, a few miles distant. Through his own awkwardness, and that of the horse, and by the united exertions of the two, a very pretty catastrophe was brought about. While descending a steep hill, the smith gave his animal a few extra cuts, thinking to accelerate his speed in a place where gravitation exceeded the motions of the whip, but the steed stumbled, floundered into the ditch, and kicked—the bucket. The blacksmith, upon turning the body over, discovered that the anatomical harmony of the beast's neck was destroyed, that the spine was dislocated beyond the bonesetter's art, and that in fact, the "hoss" was dead. With a rueful countenance, he repaired to the owner of the nag, and asked what must be done? The reply was "you must pay for the horse." The blacksmith demurred, and went to consult a lawyer.

The lawyer happened to be away from home, but his wife, who was prone to mischievous fun thought she saw in the client food for a little sport, and, inviting him to enter the house, remarked that she sometimes gave legal advice in her husband's absence, and requested him to state his case.

"Very well," said the blacksmith, seating himself, leisurely, "I'll s'pose a case."

"*If* you please—that will do as well as to state your own," said the handsome attorney.

"*Well!* yer see it's just like this. S'posin' you wur an old hoss—an' I should drive yer—drive yer to mill. And s'posin' I should cut yer up the leastest mite on the flank, and you should *rair* up and *kick* up, and break the breechin, and finally yer should fall inter the ditch, and break yer cussed neck—who'd pay for yer? would *I*?" asked the excited Vulcan, in a voice of thunder.

By this time the volunteer counsellor had retreated to the door of the apartment, and after informing her client with a courtesy that his was a plain case, and he need not fear an action for damages, she disappeared, resolving never again to give legal advice to her husband's customers.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Names *do* make a difference in things, no doubt. At least, most people think so, and act in accordance with the supposition. Certain defects and diseases have been rendered "quite genteel" for a time, by dint of elegant names. Even "a cold in the head"—the most provoking, vulgar, and disgusting disorder possible to honest people, can be qualified and palliated a little by calling it an "influenza." We once called in upon a gentleman and his wife—the former a plain, blunt man, the latter a "genteel," affected woman—both thoroughly sick with a cold in the head. The man was taking it naturally and hard. The woman was dressed in rather a showy, carefully-made *dishabille*, and was clearly doing her best to make a handsome thing of her uncomfortable situation. "And how is madam to-day?" said we, addressing the lady.

"Oh, shocking ill," replied the woman, trying to look interesting, in spite of her swollen eyes and red nose, "I am afflicted with the *prevailing infloonzah*." And she pronounced the last two words as if she were establishing her character as a fashionable woman by her elegant manner of having the "*infloonzah*."

"And *you* are sick, too," said we, addressing the husband.

"Yes, sir," said the man, with honest emphasis—"Yes, sir—I'm having this *blamed horse-distemper* that's round here!"

CLERGYMAN IN A FIX.—A clergyman, who had received an invitation to spend a fortnight with a friend in the country, found to his great surprise that he had brought but one sermon with him.—The distance was too great to send for another, as he did not discover the mistake until the second Sunday morning; of course it was in vain to think of composing a new one. He therefore ascended the pulpit with the usual dignity, and before he named his text, thus addressed his auditors:

"Having been informed that the sermon I preached last Sunday, was judged exceptionable by some very respectable inhabitants, I think it my duty to show that they misinterpreted my doctrine, by repeating it word for word. I beg your most serious attention."

It is needless to add that he had no reason to complain of inattention.

MUSHROOM ARISTOCRACY.—The man who never eats peas with a knife, was recently at Cape May; he put up at the Columbian House and used his own silver fork. His father was a hod carrier and his mother a washer-woman. His uncle, the grog-shop keeper, left him his wealth when he left off selling three cent smallers and died. His heir does not know how the bricks are conveyed to the top of a four story building, and would not recognize a wash-board if he was to bark his shins on it. Such vulgar things are unknown affairs to him. He was brought up in a refined manner, expects to die after the most genteel fashion, and be buried in a ruffle shirt.

A FACT.—Not long since, in South Carolina, a clergyman was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating for some length of time on the truly awful consequence of disobedience to the Divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, "and are there any Jonahs here?" There was a negro present whose name was Jonah; who, thinking himself called on, immediately arose, and, turning up his white eye to the preacher, with his broadest grin, and best bow, very readily answered, "*Here be one, Massa!*"

Miscellaneous.

HUNGARIAN NOBILITY.

A "Civil Engineer," in a letter to the London Times, after alluding to the case of the Baroness Von Beck, gives the following amusing account of the Hungarian nobility:—

In the years 1844 and 1845, I had under my command, on the Hungarian Central Railway, about six thousand workmen. One day one of these workmen had wilfully broken some of the tools, and insulted several of the workmen, and being a little exasperated, I told my hodnet (servant) to go and lay his stick about the insolent fellow's back and send him off the works—which he did. The man went to the Richter (magistrate) at Waitzen, and laid his complaint, and at the same time produced his passport, on which was stamped his "family crest." The Richter sent me word that I had better give the man 10 or 15 florins and make the matter up, for if the man proceeded against me (being a "nobleman") in the Hungarian superior courts of law, it would cost me at least from £150 to £200. The Magistrate persuaded the man to take five florins, (10s.,) and so the matter dropped. The Richter afterwards told me that if my hodnet had nearly killed one of the ignoble ones, no one would have taken any notice of it. In consequence of the above, I gave orders that no "nobleman" in future should be employed on the works; but, sir, you can judge of my surprise when I found that out of my 6,000 workpeople, men and women, I had 4,000 noblemen and noble families in my employ, and under these circumstances I was compelled to cancel (not sign) the Magna Charta I had caused to be issued. Just imagine, sir, my noble "baron navvies" wheeling the barrows, and their noble "baronesses" filling them, besides 4,000 nobles to do homage to me every morning without any shoes or stockings on, (these were pulled off and stowed away while they were at work.) Mr. Paget states in his work, that two-thirds of the Hungarian population are nobles, and you will see, from what I have stated, he is not far out in his calculations. A great number of these nobles are under the impression that it is a disgrace to work. Some of them are markers at the billiard tables, others are waiters, agitators, dancing-masters, fortune-hunters, gamblers, &c., but all of them are ever ready to turn their nobility to the best account, and the present so-called "political refugee" system, with their noble titles, without doubt must be a good trade.

TARTAR ON THE TEETH.—M. La Baume, says the Medical Times, ascertained that vinegar and a brush will, in a few days, remove the tartar; thus obviating the necessity for filing or scraping them, which so often injures the enamel. He recommends the use of powdered charcoal and tincture of rhatany afterwards, which effectually in his opinion, prevents its formation.

THE COQUETTE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Whate'er she vowed *to-day*—
Ere a week had fled away
 She'd refuse me!—
And shall I her steps pursue—
Follow still—and fondly woo?—
 No; excuse me!

If she loves me—it were kind
Just to teach her *her own mind*;
 Let her lose me!
For no more I'll seek her side—
Court her favor—feed her pride:—
 No; excuse me!

If in idle, vain display,
She can cast my love away,
 And then use me;
For a fickle heart, at best,
Shall I grieve and lose my rest?
 No; excuse me!

Let her frown—frowns never kill;
Let her shun me if she will;
 Hate—abuse me:—
Shall I bend 'neath her annoy?
Bend!—and make my heart her *toy*?
 No! excuse me!

FLIES.

The flies are gone, but where are they gone to? that is the question. At the close of Summer, when they are busy buzzing around us in the shape of a visitation, it is certainly no easy matter to let them "pass by us as the idle wind;" but in one respect they are to most people, like the wind too, since they scarce know whence they come or whither they go. Doubt the first, as to whence they come, is not difficult to solve, though perhaps with the most presuming of flies, as with the most presuming of folks, the more we pry into their places of birth, the more we may be inclined (but with the honest not justly) to hold them in contempt; suffice it, that as the domestic fly makes himself quite at home in our houses, so has his parent, in all likelihood, made herself equally free of our stables, where she finds a hot-bed for her eggs, and in the same a provision for her infant race. There, in their first and wingless state of maggot or larva, they commence, thus early, their important use of helping to rid the earth of all things that offend; and on how grand a scale they are able to carry on this operation may be estimated from the fact, that a single fly will lay no less than one hundred and seventy-seven eggs. House flies come then chiefly from the stable, the road, and the grazing meadow; though some nearly resembling them come from other places, and exist in their earliest state on vegetable, instead of animal, substances. Among these we have noticed a very common species, which finds its first "bed and board" between the upper and under skins of dock-leaves, burrowing and feeding on the pulpy flesh. From Spring to Autumn, we may see them thus busily employed, merely by gathering and holding to the light such leaves as are to be found continually *now* adorned by large, discolored, transparent blotches, the outward tokens of their inward presence. These from the above habit, may be ranked among a sect of insect laborers or feeders of more classes than one, hence called leaf-miners, some of whose winding ways we mean, by-and-bye, to follow.

For query the second, and that just now more pertinent to the season, of whither flies go on the arrival of Winter, it still remains, we believe a problem not yet completely solved even by naturalists, who have maintained opinions on the matter nearly as different as on the hybernation of swallows. A great proportion, no doubt, perish from cold, or the many accidents to which their weakness and growing torpor render them, as the year declines, more and more exposed. Yet how few comparatively of the swarms so agile, head downwards on the ceiling, do we ever perceive (or our house-maids either,) stiff and stark, legs upwards on the floor. That fly survivors there are, laid up snugly in secret hybernacula, is further evidenced by the few which are often seen emerging from nobody knows where in mild Winter weather, also by those more lonely bodies tempted by the warmth of the fire to creep forth even in nipping frost. Under such forlorn circumstances, a fly becomes, to us at least, an object of absolute interest; our dislike, amounting almost to antipathy, of the intrusive, buzzing, pilfering, booming, tickling varlet, one of the dusky legions which "possess" us in the months of August and September, is converted into sympathy for the poor, mateless, friendless, shivering, silent creature, lured by deceptive warmth to quit the shelter of his Winter asylum. We would make him as welcome, now, to his tiny bit or sup as the red-breast to his crumbs of comfort, and on occasion would even stretch out a willing finger to save him from a flood of milk, or a morass of honey. Yet more, when thus rescued and set, damp and dripping, on the heated mantlepiece, we have often watched with curious and interested eye the poor pilferer's gradual restoration, marking how at first languidly, and then with increasing briskness, he busies his handy paws; now, cat-like, stroking and wiping his head and face and large moveless eyes, then with his hinder limbs performing the like operation on his wings and body.

How does the fly feed? the "busy, curious, thirsty fly, that drinks with me," but does not "drink as I," his sole instrument for eating and drinking being his trunk or sucker, the narrow pipe, by means of which, when let down upon dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer of syrup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry; but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find, on close inspection, growing "small by degrees," under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and show how the fly dissolves his rock, Hannibal fashion, by a diluent, a salivary fluid passing down through the same pipe which returns the sugar melted into syrup.

The fly is a perfect insect, (or *imago*,) having already passed through its own two preparatory stages of transformation, those of larva and pupa, corresponding to what, with the butterfly, is more generally known as caterpillar and chrysalis; so that, like the butterfly, when winged it grows no more. Those middle-sized fly gentry, also nearly equalized, which form the main body of our parlor visitants, are altogether a different species to those of much lesser or greater magnitude, such as some tiny frequenters of flowers, the bouncing blue-bottle, and the black and gray-chequered blow *fly*, those pests pre-eminent of the larder, which, as every cook knoweth, are neither

"Hatched on the road—nor in the stable bred."

Numerous gray-colored varieties may be seen between Spring and Autumn, and in September, nearly altogether, grouped in a *tableau-vivant*, settled and sipping on the honeyed clusters of the Michaelmas daisy, that last starry heaven of their existence, at all events of the year. Later still, towards the end of October and beginning of November, when taking a noon day walk under a Southern ivy-coated wall, you may be sure to see some or all of them come out to meet you from their dark-green bush of shelter. Even now, if you examine closely between the wall and the bearded ivy stems which embrace it, you may detect behind them many a refugee of the revolutionary year, and you may, perhaps, be rewarded for your trouble by turning out from the same shelter, in lieu of a sleepy fly, a hybernating butterfly—

"Startling the eye
With unexpected beauty."

You know, we suppose that the fly has a pair of wings; but a hundred to one if one of you out of a hundred, has ever noticed that she has also a pair of winglets, (or little secondary wings,) and a pair of poisers, drum-stick-like appendages between the main wings and the body, employed for assisting and steadying her flight. These poisers are much more conspicuous and easily observed without a magnifier in the gnat and in the father long-legs, insects belonging to the same order as flies.

Did it ever occur to you to notice the prismatic painting of a fly's nervous pinion—the iridescent colors wherewith its glassy membrane seems overlaid? If not, only look; we pray you, in a proper light at the next of its kind you may chance to meet with, and if, as is most likely, it comes to tell you a pleasant tale of approaching Spring-time, we are verily sure that you will see a hundred rainbows painted on its wing.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

DISTANCE OF THE SUN.—Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly at a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun—for it is distant more than a hundred years from us.—But what is this, compared to Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by our railway, at the Creation, to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet; for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system.—*Household Words.*

☞ Envy is punishing ourselves for being inferior to our neighbors.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S COACHMAN.

Observe yonder stately, six-feet high, comfortably full-bodied man, with his round face and still rounder beard, in the kaftan of fine green cloth, and the square cap of red velvet trimmed with fur. The man's habitual mode of life is the most comfortable imaginable; the *dolce far niente* is his profession, and only from time to time has he to make certain superhuman exertions. That is the Emperor's body coachman! Off duty, he lives like a lord of the land. You probably imagine that the coachman's natural residence is the stable! but—to err is human! our character has never seen the stable since he received his last appointment. Whether the carriages be in good condition, the horses fat or lean, the harness suitable, he troubles not his head. Even as a chamberlain approaches the Emperor with the words, "Sire, the carriage is at the door," so does a coachman of the second class present himself before the great chief of the stable department, and say, "Alexei Ivanovitch, the horses are put to!" Then the comely man with the beard rises from his chair, empties his glass, and descends deliberately into the court-yard; there a groom offers him his arm, leaning upon which he gently attains the coach-box, settles himself comfortably, and nods. At that nod the reins are handed to him, he winds them round his hands, stretches out both arms straight before him, settles himself firmly against the box—he neither can nor will sit—and proud as the Emperor on his throne, he drives off. It might really be said that he does his work without moving either hands or feet. The latter he hardly can move, for he is firmly planted upon them; and of the motion of the former you are not aware, for he guides the fiery horses with the pressure of his little finger. It is only out of affectation that when he suddenly pulls up he throws his body backwards, clasping both arms to his breast, like a person swimming. After a half-hour's drive he returns home, the Emperor alights, and he drives to the court-yard. A groom runs to the horses' heads, another helps him off the box, he throws the reins to a coachman, and walks away. His day's work is done. He has driven the Emperor—that is the whole of his duty. For that he has officer's rank, several thousand roubles of salary, and lives in clover. But the medal has its reverse; for it may happen that the Emperor, on getting into his carriage, instead of bidding him drive to the Kamina Ostrow, gives the word "To Moscow;" and, just as he would have driven seven versts in the one case, so he drives seven hundred and twenty-six and a half versts in the other, without pause or refreshment, without closing an eye or leaving his box. At certain distances along the whole road there are fit little houses built as halting-places for the Emperor Alexander, but Nicholas does not use them; he seldom alights till he reaches Moscow, and the changes of horses being effected with lightning swiftness, the coachman has hardly time to take off a glass of *wodka*. At every post a fresh postilion gets upon the box with him; but the most the postilion is allowed to do is to urge on the horses—the reins never leave the coachman's hand; and thus he gets over the one hundred and four German miles, standing with outstretched arms, without food, his attention unceasingly upon the strain, exposed to every possible variety of temperature—on the box of the carriage with twenty-four degrees of heat, and on that of the sledge with as many of cold. It has happened that on his arrival at Moscow he was unable to leave his box; four men lifted him off—he was perfectly stiff, his eyes were starting from his head, he had to be bled and put in a bath before his stiffened limbs and strained nerves resumed life and suppleness. No German could endure such enormous fatigue; the Russian endures it with ease, when he must—he would do nothing his whole life long, if he might.—*Blackwood.*

"WISE AS SERPENTS."

About thirty years ago, died the Rev. John Palmer, for some thirty or forty years the successful Pastor of the First Baptist Church at Shrewsbury, England. Perhaps very few men ever more fully discharged the duties of an evangelist than did he. Very often would he make his appointments and have them published in North Wales, on the borders of which he resided, and leaving home on Monday morning, on his little Welsh pony, he would pass from place to place, returning on Saturday evening, having preached during his absence sixteen to eighteen sermons, to probably as many thousands of hearers. Into one locality, however, he was for many years unable to enter; the clergy had contrived to excite the most malignant prejudice against "John Palmer, the Baptist man at Shrewsbury," and the simple-hearted shepherds of the mountains were led to suppose, that of all men he was one of the worst. Often did Palmer talk and pray over this spot; and at length determined, at whatever risk, to preach an out-of-door sermon there. It was a happy fact that he was personally known to one family only in the district, and he requested them to publish the time and place of his preaching, as well as to erect a temporary pulpit. The time came, and the shepherds and peasants assembled in many hundreds, and with clubs and staves determined that "John Palmer, the Baptist man from Shrewsbury," should not preach there. The preacher was met by his friends on the road, who entreated him to return, as his life was in danger. He requested them immediately to take care of his horse and carriage, and to permit him to take his own course, only stipulating that when he appeared on the ground no one should seem to know him. In this manner, with a most commanding person, highly attractive manners, and dressed as a complete gentleman, he made his appearance, and began to inquire the cause of so large an assemblage. "Why, *sur*," say they, "John Palmer, the Baptist man from Shrewsbury, is coming here, and *says* he'll preach, but he *shanna*." "Oh, oh!" says Palmer, "*he's* coming, is he?" "*Does* you know him, *sur*?" "Know him, to be sure I do. I know him forty years ago, when he was an apprentice to a doctor, and a strange sort of man he is, too." He then went on, telling them tales about John Palmer and others, till they all surrounded him, and became most intensely interested in his graphic and forcible sketches.

By-and-bye the stranger asked, "But where's John Palmer that you said was coming to preach?" The answer was, he has not come, and nobody knew why. "Well," said he, "that's a pity, too, that there should be no preaching; it will soon be dark." Well, would *he* preach? "Why," said he, "I shall be taken for John Palmer, and be insulted." Oh, no!—they would guard him. He was at length prevailed on to ascend the pulpit, when he proposed, as after all, preaching was a solemn thing, they should take off their hats while he prayed; this concluded, he read his text, and for an hour preached as few men besides himself could preach to such an audience. All for awhile was silent as the grave; weeping, groaning, jumping, and all the other signs by which the Welsh show deep, intense feeling, followed; in the midst of which the preacher said, "Now, my lads, *I* am John Palmer, the Baptist man from Shrewsbury, what have you more to say to me?" "When will you come and preach again?" was the inquiry from all quarters. He often did preach there again, and that "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance;" nor was his ministry unattended with a blessing.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE FIELD OF CORN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,
BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

A peasant named Robert, said one day to his neighbor Godfrey, "I have for many years observed thy life and conduct, and one thing appears to me particularly strange and singular. Although thou hast often experienced great vicissitudes, and many trials and afflictions have befallen thee and thy house, still thou art always cheerful, and thy looks bespeak content in adversity as in prosperity. Tell me how it is that thou art able to preserve such serenity of temper?"

Godfrey smiled and said, "That I can tell thee in a few words. I am taught this by my own calling, and my daily occupation. I consider myself and my life as a field of corn."

At these words Robert looked at him, as though he understood him not, and Godfrey proceeded, "Behold, my brother, when misfortune cometh, I think of the plough and the harrow, which break up the ground, that the weeds may be destroyed, and the seeds strike root. I seek, therefore, for the waste spots in my heart, and for the weeds that grow therein. The former must be tilled, and the latter rooted out, before the fruit can grow and flourish. Often times, too, I regard my afflictions as a tempest, which rises dark and threatening, but which brings with it the rain that cools the air; and then I think; 'When it is past, the sun will again shine.' In this manner I consider myself and my life as a field of corn. Has the field a right to say to the husbandman who ploughs it: 'What doest thou?'"

"And who is the master and tiller of thy field?" asked Robert.

"Who?" replied Godfrey, "but He who sendeth frost and snow, and dew and rain upon our fields! Whomsoever He loveth, He chasteneth."—*N. Y. Organ.*

For the Young.

LIGHTNING.

Q. What is *lightning*?

A. Lightning is *accumulated electricity* discharged *from the clouds*.

Like that from a "Leyden jar."

Q. What produces *electricity* in the *clouds*?

A. 1st.—The *evaporation* from the earth's surface;

2nd.—The *chemical changes* which take place on the earth's surface; and

3rd.—Currents of air of unequal temperature, which excite electricity by *friction*, as they come in contact with each other.

Q. What causes the discharge of an electric cloud?

A. When a cloud, *overcharged* with electric fluid, approaches another which is *undercharged*, the fluid rushes from the former into the latter, till both contain the same quantity.

There are two different kinds of Electricity—one Vitreous, and the other Resinous: more frequently called Positive and Negative Electricity.

Q. Is there any other cause of *Lightning* besides the one just mentioned?

A. Yes; sometimes mountains, trees, and steeples, will discharge the lightning *from* a cloud floating near; and sometimes electric fluid rushes *out of the earth* into the clouds.

Q. How high are the lightning clouds from the earth?

A. Sometimes they are elevated four or five miles high; and sometimes actually *touch the earth* with one of their edges; but they are rarely discharged in a thunder storm, when they are more than seven hundred yards above the surface of the earth.

Q. How high are the *clouds generally*?

A. In a *fine day*, the clouds are often *four* or five miles above our heads; but the *average* height of the clouds is from one-and-a-half to two miles.

Q. Why is lightning sometimes *forked*?

A. Because the lightning-cloud is at a *great distance*; and the *resistance of the air* is so great, that the electrical current is diverted into a zig-zag course.

Q. How does the resistance of the air make the lightning zig-zag?

A. As the lightning *condenses* the air in the immediate advance of its path, it flies from side to side, in order to pass where there is the *least resistance*.

Q. Why are there sometimes *two* flashes of forked lightning at the same moment?

A. Because (in very severe storms) the flash will divide *into two or more parts*; each of which will assume the zig-zag form.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Olio.

ALONE.

We parted when the faded leaves
 Fell fast around our feet;
The autumn wind that ever grieves,
 Seemed in its sorrow sweet.
I watched her go—a shadow fell
 Upon the cold gray stone;
A lingering echo came to tell
 I was not yet alone.

But when the morning slowly broke
 Around my silent bower,
I tried to sing—no echo woke—
 My lute had lost its power.
The winds that wandered o'er my head
 They told me thou wert gone,
Sere autumn leaves were round me spread,
 I felt I was alone!

STRONG EXCITEMENTS INJURIOUS TO CHILDREN.—Strong excitements have an unfavorable effect upon the nerves of young children. We know this to be the case with ourselves, but are apt to forget that things which are common to us, may be new and striking to them. My child was on a certain evening carried into a large room brilliantly lighted, and filled with company. He gazed around with an expression of admiration and delight not unmixed with perplexity; the latter, however, soon vanished, and he laughed and shouted with great glee; and as he saw that he was observed, exerted himself still farther to be amusing. He was then carried into a room where was music and dancing, this was entirely new, and he was agitated with a variety of emotions; fear, wonder, admiration and joy seemed to prevail by turns. As the scene became familiar, he again enjoyed it without any mixture of unpleasant feelings.

But the effect of these excitements was apparent, when he was taken to his bed-room; his face was flushed, as in a fever, his nervous system disturbed, and his sleep was interrupted by screams. He had witnessed scenes as new and almost as strange, as to us would be the apparition of a dance of fairies at moonlight. His imagination had made a powerful effort to grasp and comprehend what his senses had discovered. He knew not who or what were the beings and the sounds which had thus appeared in places usually so quiet; and the strange motions of those beings, must also have greatly increased the wonder.

MUSICAL FURNITURE.—"No, Mrs. Brown," replied Mr. Smith, "we haven't. You are quite right; we have no piano in the house." "Why, that's odd, Mr. Smith." "Perhaps so, madam—but we can't afford to have a piano." "Dear me! is that the reason, Mr. Smith?" "The money is not much, madam,—but there are other considerations. In the first place, madam, I am a nervous man, and hate discordant noises of every kind. To be sure, I contrive to endure the crying of the baby, because that is inevitable, and not a conventional nuisance, that one can be rid of at will. But musical *furniture*! to be manipulated for disagreeable sounds, with malice aforethought, as the lawyers say—that is a different thing, and one there is no apology for. Besides, madam, there is another reason why we don't keep a piano. Mrs. Smith can't afford to compromise her present standing among people of true gentility by complying with vulgar customs—and nothing is more thoroughly vulgar, madam, than a pretence of music, (or of any other accomplishment, indeed,) when one has no gift that way. Mrs. Smith knows her deficiency, and does not seek to remedy it by false pretences, which deceive nobody. To excel in an ornamental art is undoubtedly an accomplishment; to torture either the Muses or the Graces with ignorance and ineptitude, is only to make oneself a subject for ridicule. Mrs. Smith can't afford it." Mrs. Smith "concurred with the other branch," and Mrs. Brown departed.

IMPROVEMENT IN THIMBLES AND SCISSORS.—We learn by the London Patent Journal, that a Mr. Charles Marsden, of London, has taken out a patent for an improvement in thimbles and scissors, which is worthy of attention. He makes his thimbles ventilating, so as to permit the free escape of perspiration. There is a metal lining within the large cylinder of the thimble, and this is perforated and attached by metal points to the outside one; this allows the perspiration to pass out of the thimble.

In cutting with scissors, it is necessary, in order to keep the cutting edges in contact, to give them a side twist, which not only inflicts injury on the fingers, but precludes the use of them with both hands. One of the bow arms, with a verticle projecting arm which presses on the other arm, gives a permanent side pressure to the blades, ensuring proper contact of the cutting edges without effort of the user; this also ensures a good cutting edge from end to end of the blades. Small instruments are liable to be overlooked now-a-days, as too insignificant for improving or patenting; but they are the kind of patents that pay best, and these improvements on the scissors and thimble are very valuable—indeed they are exceedingly useful. While we wear coats and pants, we respect the genius that does not overlook improving the instruments which make them. The ladies, too, will bless Mr. Marsden for his improved thimble.

MORMONISM.—It may startle some to be told, that Mormonism has actually pressed itself more upon the attention of the world than Christianity had done at the same age. We carry back into the early days of the Gospel's progress the clear light and outline of its later history. We can hardly realize that even for a century, or more, after its first promulgation, it was an object of little interest to the world, and that when it first began to demand a passing paragraph from the historian, it was only as an "*execrabilis superstitio*," creating a disturbance barely visible on the surface of society. Of course there is no intention, by any such remark, to make any comparison between the intrinsic merits of the two systems. A true believer in Jesus, and of "the truth as it is in Jesus," will never suffer himself to be disturbed by any parallel, real or seeming, between Christ and Socrates, or Christ and Mohammed, or Confucius, or the founder of any new religion, or of any pretended social reform, either in ancient or modern times.—*Harper's Magazine.*

MEN'S THEORIES AND DESIRES.—Pull to pieces a man's theory of things, and you will find it based upon facts collected at the suggestion of his desires. A fiery passion consumes all evidences opposed to its gratification, and fusing together those that serve its purpose, casts them into weapons, by which to achieve its end. There is no deed so vicious but what the actor makes for himself an excuse to justify; and, if the deed is often repeated, such excuse becomes a creed.—*Spencer's Social Statics.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—In the Diary of John Adams, recently published, we find the following description of Marie Antoinette. The New England looker-on is disposed to be critical, when he recalls this scene in his Autobiography,—after Burke's description of the Queen was in all ears: "The Queen was attended by her ladies to the gallery opposite to the altar, placed in the centre of the seat, and there left alone by the other ladies, who all retired. She was an object too sublime and beautiful for my dull pen to describe. I leave this enterprise to Mr. Burke. But, in his description, there is more of the orator than of the philosopher. Her dress was every thing that art and wealth could make it. One of the Maids of Honor told me she had diamonds upon her person to the value of eighteen millions of livres; and I always thought Her Majesty much beholden to her dress. Mr. Burke saw her probably but once. I have seen her fifty times, perhaps, and in all the varieties of her dresses. She had a fine complexion, indicating perfect health, and was a handsome woman in her face and figure. But I have seen beauties much superior, both in countenance and form, in France, England and America."

Agricultural.

CONVERSATION AT THE N. Y. FARMERS' CLUB.

Prof. Mapes—I know farmers in Jersey who have money at interest, and many who have largely profited by the rise in the value of their lands, which in some cases has amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre, which but a short time ago was worth but twenty dollars an acre. By great and stern economy a few have become rich. Crane, of Essex, is a distinguished case of success; Obadiah Meeker, is another—but he has never saved five hundred dollars a year profit from the farm proper. A poor clerk in this city and in others has a salary greater than the annual profit of most farms managed in the old way, even where the sternest economy is practiced. Mr. Meeker occasionally has on his pastures for night, a thousand head of cattle for which he receives ten cents each. Many of these farmers will not change their course of agriculture. For half the year, almost, I am busy in visiting farmers—and I am sorry to say that little progress towards proper farming is made. They will not change their methods. Mr. Beardsley, one of our best men, will have grain and cows, but he says that it takes *sixteen hundred dollars* out of his other estates when the debtor and creditor accounts are truly stated. But it is his pleasure to raise grain and milk on land worth $200 an acre. He has been persuaded to use for his corn-crop super-phosphate of lime and has nearly doubled his yield by so doing.

Mr. Antisell—The sugar-beet of France is relatively small, but contains more sugar; another sort has none at all, and the latter yield great crops. Sugar-cane gives 17 per cent. of sugar, the beet 7. The sugar-beet of France has destroyed the importation of the foreign cane sugar. The manufacture of beet sugar was tried in Ireland. Commerce contrived to get from Government a duty on it of *fourteen shilling per* 100 *pounds*. This stopped the beet sugar; but recently that duty having been taken off by Government, a million of pounds sterling have been invested in beet sugar-making in Ireland.

Professor Mapes remarked that during the continuance of that duty, Mr. Guppy made a syrup out of beets which was sold as *British honey*, not liable to duty.

Mr. Meigs wished the Club, at its next meeting, to be prepared with statistics showing for the last twenty-five years the state of the agriculture in the United States; in order to show how the good old method of farmers had, in thousands of farms, almost wholly sterilised them, and also what modern amendments in this matter have done to restore or add to the original richness of land.

The Statistics Approved.—Mr. Meigs repeated, what had been before stated, that by a report to Parliament, in 1844 or 1845, it appeared that the entire agriculture of the year in Great Britain, was worth three thousand millions of dollars, of which the turnip amounted to nearly one-half. *So much for one root!*

Judge Van Wyck—They cannot raise our Indian corn, if they could, they would find it superior food to roots.

Mr. Meigs—Carrots are equal, bushel for bushel, to corn or oats, and 800 bushels can be had off an acre, and at most, a hundred of corn, or fifty of oats.

Prof. Mapes—If England was compelled to exchange all her roots for crops of Indian corn it would bankrupt her. As to carrots, parsnips, &c., experiment has distinctly shown that in feeding for pork, the roots make it for four and a-half cents a pound, and corn for twelve and a-half cents a pound. Campbell, of Jersey, has fully demonstrated this, and so have I. The carrot fed to cows in Winter along with other food, makes rich yellow butter in Winter equal to Summer Goshen. Grow ruta-bagas on the best old farming plan with the richest barn-yarn manure, and try the super-phosphate of lime, and you will find the crop double and of far better quality, and more durable keep. In feeding cows with roots, we should avoid giving them near the time of milking. The taste and smell of the roots are not affected if fed to the cow some time before milking. The carrot aids the digestion of the horse so as to make his dung homogeneous—digests everything. Corn, (Indian) although cracked, commonly enough, is, much of it passed undigested, and *other animals feed upon it*. To sick animals I give carrots two days and they get well.

THISTLES.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator having asked to what use he can put a field of Thistles, he is replied to as follows by two separate correspondents:

To MR. TISHBITE:—You say, in the Cultivator, of Sept. 6th, that any one who will inform you to what use you can put a field, that you own, overgrown with thistles, he will confer a favor. Being of a charitable and obliging disposition, I can, and will give you the desired information. Sir, keep a donkey! and more than one, if necessary; the thistles will give them food, and they will manure the land, and keep out all other animals, by their braying. Dogs, cats, foxes, and squirrels, eagles, hawks, and crows; all clear out whenever they hear a donkey bray. By the way, have we not seen some very beautiful "pellerines," made of the down, and worn by the ladies? Perhaps if the gentleman's field is very extensive, he may reap a profit in this way also. And, he may find a moral, in the parachutes of seed, which are launched in the air. "Life, like the *downy thistle* flies!" W. M. C.

MR. EDITOR:—In your valuable paper, the Cultivator of Sept. 6th, I noticed a piece signed "Tishbite," wishing to know what he can do with thistles, in order to "realize a handsome profit by them?" I would say, mow them three times in a year; once in June when in blossom, in the latter part of July or first of August, and in the month of September; cart them into the barn-yard, spread some swamp muck, or soil from the side of the road on them, that they may decay the more readily. From the manure thus made, "a handsome profit" may be realized, and at the end of two years, the land will be ready, with proper culture, to produce a good crop, either in pasture, mowing, or tillage.

Walpole, N. H. D. FISHER.

PRESERVATION OF MILK.—M. Martin de Lignac has been the first to do this well practically. He lives in a district abounding in milk of the finest quality, and there has established a manufactory to prepare milk for the navy. He has a patent. A large sheet copper pan, placed within a larger one containing water. In the bottom of this outer pan is coiled a tube, pierced with a great number of small holes. This tube communicates with a steam boiler, the steam from which heats the water. When the water is at the boiling point, fresh pure milk is poured in, so as to cover the bottom about the third of an inch deep; a small portion of powdered white sugar, 75 grammes (about two ounces) to a quart; stir continually, with a wooden spatula. The evaporation is continued for two hours. When the milk is reduced to one-sixth its original amount, and is about as viscid as honey, then the steam is shut off and the thickened milk stirred violently for four or five minutes; after this, it is transferred to a copper, heated up to boiling water; and lastly is put into cylindrical tin boxes, the covers of which are fastened down by a strip of lead, which surrounds them. The boxes are then left in repose for twenty-four hours, and then the slip of lead is soldered down, to seal them hermetically. They are then placed in an apparatus in which they are subjected to a boiling temperature, for ten minutes or a quarter-of-an-hour. It is now complete. To use it, beat it with five or six times its bulk of water, and it resembles milk of the first quality in all respects.—*Extract from French periodical by H. Meigs.*

SHORT, VERSUS LONG DRAUGHT.

MR. EDITOR:—Some time since, a writer in the Cultivator gave it as his decisive conviction, that the law in carting, viz.—"the nearer the horse is hitched to the load, the easier it will follow," does not hold good in ploughing; in the *former* case, the advantage is great arising from the *lift* which the horse is enabled to give; while in the latter, all elevation or depression, even to a hair's breadth is to be deprecated, as adverse to the right going of the plough; the straightforward pull, level as a line, being absolutely necessary to its perfect operation. For this reason, he proposed to insert a swivel with two or three links, between the clevis at the head of the plough and the swingle-tree, to prevent the effects of *elevation* or *depression*, and by which the ploughman is enabled to steer more easily, and to hold a course as straight as an air-line. I am led to make these remarks at present, as we are now in the midst of the whole year's ploughing operations, East, West, North and South, and where a hundred experiments might be made to test the falsehood or truth of the theory. And again, my attention has been drawn to a cut of a splendid Scotch plough, attached to its gearings by means of a swivel and link, in the manner above described; and the Scotch are remarked as amongst the most expert ploughmen in the world, and "ought to know." After this lengthening at the head of the plough, the ploughman will have to see that the elevation or depression of the plough by means of the clevis, will be just so much, and no more, as to enable her to swim through her work, when, even by dynamometer, the length of the draught will not have added one ounce to the power required to move forward in a straight line.

These, I believe, were the convictions of the person who addressed you on the subject, and after mature reflection and some experience, I am led to give him full credence for all he has advanced; and if our practical friends will take the coming opportunity to put the theory to a full test by experiment, they would confer an obligation on the readers of the Cultivator, if they make known their convictions through its columns. The question is just this, "does the lengthening of the fixtures at the head of the plough, even to the extent of, say a foot, cause the plough to draw at all harder, after being set at its proper depth by a competent ploughman?"—*Boston Cultivator.*

For Housekeepers.

TOMATO CATSUP, No. 1.—Boil half a bushel of tomatoes until they are soft, squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add—

One quart of vinegar,
Half a pint of salt,
One ounce of cloves,
Two ounces of *whole* allspice,
Two ounces of ground cayenne pepper,
A dessert spoonful of ground black pepper,
Two heads of garlic skinned and separated.

Mix the whole together and boil three hours; bottle without straining it.

On the top of each bottle pour a table spoonful of sweet oil, cork them closely and seal them. The sweet oil by excluding the air tends to preserve the catsup.

TOMATO CATSUP, No. 2.—Slice the tomatoes, put a layer in a deep vessel, and sprinkle over some salt; then another layer of tomatoes and salt till all are in. Stand them in the sun for two or three days, when they are soft pass them through a sieve, and put the pulp, thus drained out, over the fire to boil. Add cayenne pepper, whole black pepper, mace, cloves, allspice, and a little race ginger if you like; let it boil till it is thick, add a clove of garlic; by tasting it you can judge if it is seasoned to your taste. When cold, bottle it off; put a table spoonful of sweet oil on the top of each bottle, and seal the corks.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Procure fresh mushrooms, pick them carefully, wipe them clean, and put a layer in the bottom of a pan, sprinkle over some salt, then another layer of mushrooms and more salt until all are in; cover the pan and let them stand two days, mash them well and strain them through a hair sieve. To each quart of the pulp add one ounce and a-half of whole black pepper, half an ounce of whole allspice, and a few blades of mace. Boil it till reduced to two-thirds the original quantity. When done pour it in a pan and stand it away till the next day, then pass it through a hair sieve and bottle it for use. Put it in small bottles, on the top of each pour a table spoonful of sweet oil to exclude the air. Cork them closely and rosin the corks.—*National Cook-Book.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 7, 17, 23, 10, is a county in Illinois.
My 2, 21, 18, 10, 16, is a river in Europe.
My 3, 26, 14, 12, 13, 17, is a town in Mexico.
My 4, 26, 13, 11, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 7, 13, 10, 9, is one of the United States.
My 6, 7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 7, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 7, 2, 7, 15, is a sea in Asia.
My 8, 18, 19, 4, 26, is a town in Delaware.
My 9, 7, 10, 23, 10, is a county in Michigan.
My 10, 13, 14, 11, is a river in Africa.
My 11, 26, 10, 7, is a celebrated volcano.
My 12, 13, 16, 10, 19, 7, is a city in Europe.
My 13, 9, 9, 15, 7, 26, 9, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 14, 4, 10, 7, is a river in Asia.
My 15, 18, 13, 8, 6, is a river in France.
My 16, 24, 13, 4, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 17, 7, 15, 7, 6, 23, is a river in South America.
My 18, 14, 3, 20, 22, 23, 10, is a town in Maine.
My 19, 2, 7, 15, is a range of mountains of the Eastern Hemisphere.
My 20, 26, 7, 5, 11, 17, is a river in England.
My 21, 6, 26, 7, 20, is a city in Asia.
My 22, 7, 9, 4, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 23, 21, 13, 18, is one of the United States.
My 24, 13, 9, is a sea between Asia and Africa.
My 25, 4, 21, 2, 7, 10, is a city in Persia.
My 26, 19, 21, 23, 10, is a lake in North America.
My whole is a literary lady of Pennsylvania.
Auburn, Me. FLORA.

ALGEBRAIC PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A boy being asked how old he was, answered: If seven years and nine months be added to the square of my age, the square root of the sum will be my age in six months hence. How old was he? J. O. G.
Austin, Texas.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first will appear when sorrow is known,
 My second oft causes my first,
Together united my whole will be shown,
 Without which the world were accursed.
Yet the world were a paradise, beautiful, bright,
Had my whole never seen the day's opening light.
C.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ If a tough beef steak could speak, what English Poet would it name? Ans.—Chaucer (Chaw, sir.)

☞ When is small beer not small beer? Ans.—When it is a little tart.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

RIDDLE.—WINDOW.

PROBLEM.—178 deer.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A toe from the foot of the English Throne.
A nail from the brogue of Ireland. P. O. G.
Austin, Texas.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN IRON AND STEEL.—Steel is iron passed through a process called cementation, the object of which is to impregnate it with carbon. Carbon exists more abundantly in charcoal than in any other fusible substance, and the smoke that goes up from the charcoal forge is carbon in a fluid state. Now, if you can manage to confine that smoke, and put a piece of iron into it for several days, and heat the iron at the same time it will become steel. Heating the iron opens its pores, so that the smoke or carbon can enter into it.

The furnace for this purpose is a conical building of brick, in the middle of which are two troughs of brick or stone, which hold about four tons of bar iron. At the bottom is a large grate for the fire. A layer of charcoal dust is put upon the bottom of the troughs, then a layer of bar iron; and so on alternately, until the troughs are full. They are then covered over with clay, to keep out the air, which, if admitted, would prevent the cementation. Fire is then communicated to the wood and coal with which the furnace is filled, and continued until the conversion of the iron into steel is completed, which generally happens in about eight or ten days. This is known by the blisters on the bars, which the workmen occasionally draw out to determine. When the conversion is completed, the fire is then left to go out, and the bars remain in the furnace about eight days more, to cool.

The bars of steel are then taken out, and either sold as blistered steel, or drawn to a convenient size, when it is called *tilted* steel. German steel is made out of this blistered steel, by breaking the bars into short pieces, and welding them together, drawing them down to a proper size for use.

☞ Speculators generally die poor. If they make ten thousand dollars to-day on a coal mine, they must try to make twenty thousand to-morrow, by dabbling in the Do-'Em-Brown Railroad. Like the boy who undertook to steal figs through a knot-hole, they get their hands so full of sweets, that they can't pull them back again. Avarice is almost as fatal to a man's fortune as improvidence.